

TWENTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 12, 1957

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

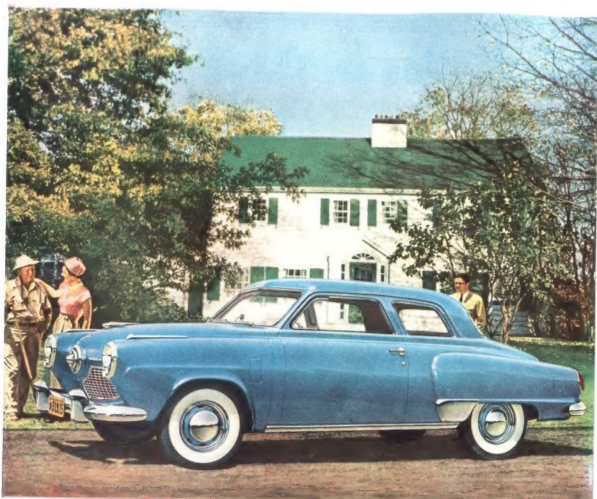


EISENHOWER
E pluribus unum.

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VOL. XXV NO. 7



Fred Horne photo

Wheel trim rings, and white sidewall tires if available, at extra cost

Again a new Studebaker is the talk of America!

Studebaker's great new V-8 Commander

Priced lower than you expect...a real gas saver!
Brilliant in pep and power...needs no premium fuel!
A sure footed new Studebaker "miracle ride"

STUDEBAKER AUTOMATIC DRIVE... EXTRA COST... EXTRA WONDERFUL... AVAILABLE IN ALL MODELS

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RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Rubber revolution in the banana republics

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich product improvement

NO SPRAY, no bananas; it's a constant job in banana groves, or tropical pests will ruin the crop. Such round-the-clock use wore out spray hose in a few months—the constant pressure, flexing and continuous exposure to heat and sunlight were more than any hose could stand.

B. F. Goodrich engineers went to work on the problem, experimented with materials, checked manufacturing processes. Ordinary cord reinforcements were too thick and heavy. They substituted smaller strands of tough cord, but used more of them. That

made the hose stronger, more flexible. They found a rubber lining that wouldn't rot from the strong insect-killing solutions. Then they developed a new, heat-resisting rubber cover, flexible enough to stand constant bending, yet strong enough to resist the scorching tropical sun.

That B. F. Goodrich spray hose lasts not months but years. The cost of spraying bananas has been reduced but also important is the fact that these savings have been passed on to other industries. Out of this research came a hose that not only handles insect killers but was also found to be

the best hose for many other poisons, oils and chemicals that are tough on rubber but have to be sprayed on under high pressure.

That's a good example of the American business system at work. No one made B. F. Goodrich improve its own products; but competitive spirit led to an important improvement which will save money for banana growers, and ultimately can be a factor in reducing the cost of a food. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial and General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich

RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY

FIREBALL POWERED

What's New?
PLENTY





Face to face with this 1951 headliner—you know that it has a fresh and sparkling beauty such as you've never seen before.

There, sure enough, is a bumper—massive, strong. There are 25 sturdy, stamped-steel grille bars—mounted to “give” and come back unharmed. There, boldly standing guard, are two stout and stunning “bumper bombs”—and for good measure, two more husky uprights flank the license plate.

There, in short, is *beauty with a duty*—to give the finest front-end protection yet devised.

But that, friends, is only the beginning.

Proudly wearing this “push-bar” forefront, you find a stellar line-up of SPECIALS, SUPERS and ROADMASTERS which set new standards of all-round satisfaction.

New “white-glow” instrument markings give greater clarity at night. New glare-and-heat-reducing glass† tames the sunbeams in daytime driving.

New power gives the SPECIAL record thrift and performance. New double-depth Foamtex cushions give the ROADMASTER restful new luxury. New fabrics smarten all interiors—and new ports embellish the fenders of all Series.

Yes, there's plenty new to thrill you in these spanking new Buicks—but don't overlook the tried-and-true thrill of Fireball power—and Dynaflo Drive—and the unsurpassed smoothness of riding on coil springs on every wheel. There is still no other car in the world with these standout features.

Any way you size it up, the smart buy for '51 is Buick. Go see your Buick dealer now, and find out what gospel truth that is.

†Optional at extra cost—available on most models. (Not presently available in California or Massachusetts)

NO OTHER CAR PROVIDES ALL THIS:

DYNAFLOW DRIVE®—saves strain on driver and car
FIREBALL POWER—high-compression, valve-in-head engine gets more good from every drop of fuel

PUSH-BAR FOREFRONT—combines smart style and unsurpassed protection

WHITE-GLOW INSTRUMENTS—greater clarity at night

TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE—steadies ride, improves driving control

DREAMLINE STYLING—tapered, car-length fenders,

gleaming sweepstakes on most models

4-WHEEL COIL SPRINGING—cushions ride, saves servicing costs

DUAL VENTILATION—outside air fed separately to right or left of front compartment

SELF-ENERGIZING BRAKES—hydraulic—multiply pedal-pressure five times at brake drum

Plus: Self-locking luggage lid, StepOn parking brake, two-way ignition lock, Safety-Ride rims, Hi-Poised engine mounting, Body by Fisher

®Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on other Series.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Standard equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice.

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All in one beautiful console!

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- ★ AM AND FM RADIO
- ★ 3-SPEED PHONOGRAPH



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General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

*Installation and Picture Tube Protection Plan extra. Prices slightly higher West and South, subject to change without notice.

You can put your confidence in...

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LETTERS

Vote of Thanks

Sir:

The Great Debate rolls on, and we now have our giant among pygmies—Paul Douglas—superbly reported by TIME, Jan. 22. This for our day is Lincoln speaking at Cooper Institute. As Lincoln defined and resolved the issues of his time in that speech, so Douglas has now resolved and defined the issues of our day and hour... Lincoln's Cooper Union speech has been credited with winning for him the presidency.* It is doubtful that Paul Douglas has given the presidency a thought. Neither Republicans nor Democrats, if they would serve their country well, can ignore his potentialities...

There was a time when it did not seem maudlin to write into a public document: "We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Paul Douglas has given us principles upon which we can rededicate ourselves—if we will.

VICTOR SILVERTSON

Chicago

Sir:

Douglas in '52!

W. H. HENDRICKSON

Gunnison, Colo.

Sir:

An ordinary photograph of a wonderful man and a real leader, Paul Douglas, on your cover!... I think that your covers are excellent and that their backgrounds always

* Lincoln addressed some of his remarks to Democratic Senator Stephen Douglas, his rival candidate for the 1860 presidency.

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TIME
February 12, 1951

Volume LXVI
Number 7

TIME, FEBRUARY 12, 1951



Paris

was born in the Spring
2000 YEARS AGO...

Come to the Party

Come and watch when Paris celebrates—in her own way—her own birthday. Her 2000th! From the cutting of her huge cake, with its hundred score of candles, 'til the last skyrocket blazes to heaven in late autumn, there's never been such a party. Why not plan to come in the "thrifty season" (the spring or fall)? There's something doing *all* the time! Paris is scintillating—for it's a very special time . . . Read the varied program of events here—and plan to come. Write us *now* for booklets.

A Few of the Great Events for Paris' 2000th Birthday:

Paris Song Festival—Maurice Chevalier introduces birthday song. **Student Week** (re-creation of the medieval St. Germain Fair). **Festival of the Boats of Yesterday and Today** with night pageants on the Seine. **Midnight Bicycle Race** through the Streets of Paris. **Fête of Place Vendôme**: a week of celebration in this famous square. **Grand Concert** in the Louvre courtyard with 2 great symphony orchestras and the coronation music of Louis XIV on original trumpets. **Citywide Flower Contest** with all the balconies of Paris florally decorated. **Rabelais Fair** in all its ancient splendour in the markets of Paris. **Montparnasse Week**. Studios of renowned artists open to the public. **Fashion Shows**. Special Offerings of the **Opera Comique**. **Historical Tours** tracing the growth of Paris. **Homage to Paris** by the provinces.

For reservations and information see your friendly travel agent.

For booklets, maps, etc. write Dept. TB, Box 221, New York 10



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FOR quick starts and full protection in nippy weather, ask for Quaker State Cold Test. This winter-tailored oil—free-flowing and highly stable—is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil. It is refined with the most modern oil processing equipment and technical skill in the industry. It is the finest motor oil, we believe, produced anywhere in the world.

40¢ per U. S. quart, including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

have pointed and poignant significance. But, on the other hand, the plain photograph calls special attention to the man who is our only logical choice for the next President of the U.S.

Stillwater, Okla. MALCOLM CORRELL

Sir:

... Senator Douglas can embody, more than anyone on the national scene, the unity we so desperately need.

Larchmont, N.Y. JOHN L. SULLIVAN

Sir:

Shades of Patrick Henry and Teddy Roosevelt! Paul Douglas talks like a man.

Westfield, Mass. B. A. PRINCE

SIR:

MAN OF THE YEAR—1951: SENATOR PAUL DOUGLAS.

THOS. B. SAMMONS JR.

MISSION, TEXAS

"Period Piece"?

Sir:

Your Jan. 22 appraisal of Sinclair Lewis as "not a great writer, nor even a very good one" may be confirmed by posterity, but it still seems to me that the author of *Main Street*, *Babbitt* and *Arrowsmith* was something more than a mere clever mimic and pamphleteer.

If a novelist is to be judged by the vitality of his characters, Lewis should not be found wanting by that perverse minority of posterity that may still read books. Carol Kennicott is still with us, fighting her hopeless battle against the village virus in many a drowsy hamlet still untouched by TV. Elmer Gantry now brays at us from the loudspeaker over a national hook-up. . . . And in some hidden laboratory, the incorruptible young Dr. Arrowsmith is now busy tracking down the clue to cancer or polio. . . .

The Lewis gallery may not have the scope or the full-bodied exuberance of Dickens, but I believe it will linger in our memory a while yet.

Danbury, Conn. EDWARD T. MCNAMARA

Sir:

How dare you compare lovable, honest, confused, right-minded George F. Babbitt and the sanctimonious hypocrite Elmer Gantry? No knave, Babbitt. Once his conscience is awakened, he tries to fight the restrictions of his society, but of course he loses. I am all for Sinclair Lewis. Along with Romain Rolland and maybe a couple of others, he showed that in the 20th Century it is still possible to understand the foibles of humanity and yet have a warm love for people. . . .

Ann Arbor, Mich. JOHN NEUFELD

Sir:

... It seems to me that Lewis' portrayal of the "semi-civilized barbarian" does not justify the term "period piece" in these days, when the only faith we have is in materialism—only we have gone Babbitt one better and put our hopes in militaristic materialism. Possibly a re-examination of the Babbitts which Sinclair Lewis portrayed so well will teach us to put our faith in something better during 1951.

Whittier, Calif. MRS. T. S. THOMPSON

Sir:

If Sinclair Lewis is not a great writer, America has never had one. . . . Mark Twain was not a great writer until the American people woke up 50 years too late. By the same token, Walt Whitman was not a great

TIME, FEBRUARY 12, 1951



When you're thinking **BIG**

think of this **BH&G** 3½-million!

Better Homes & Gardens is the **ONLY** one of the 3 **BIGGEST** man-woman magazines that made it 100% by friendly counsel that builds a lasting urge to buy!

How do you rate Better Homes & Gardens as a *mass* magazine? Over 3½-million circulation says it's up with the **BIGGEST**!

How do you rate the *quality* of BH&G's multimillions? Here's why they're *better* prospects for you.

They're a *selected* man-woman audience, pre-screened for their greater interest in—and greater ability to buy—anything and everything to make life fuller, busy days easier and recreation more enjoyable.

And every page of BH&G inspires them to *do* something about it.

Not one word of fiction appears between its covers. Instead (and how much better for you), BH&G's multimillions eagerly absorb feature after feature about when, where and how to enrich their lives.

And on BH&G's well-thumbed advertising pages, they find the *things* with which to do it—today, tomorrow, or that day when dreams come true!

That's how BH&G completes a circle which is **SERVICE** in its fullest sense—service to the reader—and to the advertiser—both!

That's why Better Homes & Gardens rates a key spot on your media list—whether you are building for today, tomorrow—or both!



HEY, MOM!
Where's the Listerine?
We've got Sore Throats!



EVEN YOUNGSTERS know how often the ordinary sore throat due to colds yields to Listerine Antiseptic. They have learned it from their parents, from their doctor, from actual experience.

Attacks Germs Quickly

Often prompt and regular gargling with Listerine Antiseptic will alleviate the sore throat and even help head off a cold. In other words, Listerine Antiseptic attacks the bacteria on throat surfaces before they attack you.

Tests showed bacterial reduc-

tions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle—and up to 80% one hour after. Furthermore, research has shown that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day caught fewer colds, and generally less severe colds, than those who did not gargle with it.

So, no matter what else you do, at the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic—a safe way with no undesirable side-effects.

At the first sign of a cold or sore throat—

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

writer, either. Nevertheless, when Lewis said: "I'm the best goddam writer in this here goddam country," drunk or sober, he was right.

WALTER BIEBER

Arcola, Sask., Canada

Road Busters

Sir:

Your transportation article of Jan. 22 gives comfort to the propagandists who would have us believe that transport trucks are causing excessive damage to our roads. That is pure myth . . .

Well-built roads can withstand any traffic. Engineeringwise, there is nothing to prevent the manufacture of quality pavements and the construction of quality roads. It is high time for highway officials to move into the 20th Century, and make an honest effort to come space with the automotive industry.

H. G. ATKINSON JR.

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Thank you for publishing the report of the Inter-Regional Council on Highway Transportation.

During the war years we saw the new state highway system of Mississippi, which had been protected by low load restrictions, torn to bits by unlimited Army & Navy vehicles. It was one of the sacrifices willingly paid by the people of that state in a period of war . . .

The American Trucking Associations have a strong lobby which has hamstrung legislation such as that proposed in Ohio . . .

F. B. FRAZEE

Austin, Texas

Sir:

. . . The Ohio Highway Patrol weighing station checked 6,700 trucks (not 4,000), and 203 (not 350) were in violation of the so-called legal load limit. This constitutes a 3% violation (not 9%) . . . * Of the 3% accused of violations, almost all were for uncontrollable axle weights, and not for gross overweight . . . The great majority of Ohio's truck operators are opposed to all violations of the state's highway laws, regardless of their inequity . . .

W. R. BULL

Highway Transportation Institute of Ohio
Columbus

Evaluations

Sir:

A book such as *Rommel, the Desert Fox*, reviewed in your Jan. 22 issue, leads one to ponder the imponderables of life.

Here is an example of creating heroes of men who, a short time ago, were anything but. Now, and even during the time of conflict, these men sit back and evaluate and criticize each other much in the same manner as rival football coaches, apparently disregarding the fact that in the course of their efforts thousands of lives have been lost.

ROBERT C. RUMBAUGH

Connellsville, Pa.

Sir:

Thank you for your review of my book *Rommel*. I am very grateful and have no quarrel with it at all—except that I really did not say that I could not "help liking German generals" as a class. On the contrary, I said that I certainly had no affection for them (having fought two wars against them), but that I could not help liking General Bayerlein and a couple of others I mentioned. I stated the fact in the book because I, myself, found it surprising.

DESMOND YOUNG

Mouans-Sartoux, France

* The two-week totals: 12,570 trucks checked, 350 (2.78%) violations.

TIME, FEBRUARY 12, 1951

A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYHOLDER. As his father had done before him, Dr. Nourse bought his first insurance with this company at the time his son was born. And sixteen years later, Dr. Nourse started still another program of life insurance—this time in the name of the boy himself.



BARBARA OTTAWA

"What kind of economic security should American families seek?"

A message of importance to every family man, by **DR. EDWIN G. NOURSE**

Noted economist, formerly Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors

PROBABLY no other generation has placed so much emphasis upon economic security.

"Yet I think each of us occasionally needs to be reminded that the security to be most prized is that which we as individuals work out for ourselves. This is the way of personal freedom.

"That's why I so strongly favor individual programs of thrift and life insurance. These can be even more effective today because they are usually supple-

mented by Social Security and frequently by pension funds.

"The freedom to save and invest, by whatever means we wish, is a privilege we enjoy under our free enterprise system.

"In exercising that privilege, we actually help to safeguard this system itself. For the money we place in life insurance and other voluntary programs for family security is in turn invested to create more and better goods and services—and brings a richer life to all."

WHY POLICYHOLDERS ARE SO LOYAL TO NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL...

THIS company is one of the six largest.

It has over 90 years' experience and an outstanding reputation for low net cost.

This emphasizes that there are significant differences among life insurance companies. It is one reason why each year nearly half the life insurance issued by this company goes to those already in the Northwestern Mutual "family."

Have you reviewed your life insurance program within the last two years? You'll find a distinct advantage in calling upon the skill and understanding of a Northwestern Mutual agent.

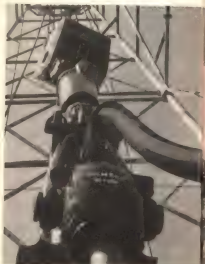
The **NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL** Life Insurance Company

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Only STEEL can do so many jobs



NINE TIMES THE DISTANCE TO THE MOON. Each year, it is estimated that America uses approximately 30 billion tin cans (in terms of an average-sized can) to protect food, oil, paint and hundreds of other products. Stack those 30 billion cans one on top of the other, and they'd stretch more than nine times the distance to the moon. A goodly percentage of these tin cans is made of U-S-S Tin Plate . . . steel with a very thin coating of tin.



MAN FROM MARS? No, it's an "Oilwell" Swivel and Rotary Hose . . . a common sight in the oil fields where they drill for the precious "black gold." Steel for oilwell drilling equipment like this is essential to building America's security. And U. S. Steel produces a great deal of it.



THESE PIPES CARRY COMFORT. You won't see them when the house is finished. They'll be buried in the plaster. But this National Steel Pipe for radiant heating will keep the rooms warm and uniformly comfortable, in the coldest weather.

so well...



THE MRS. MCGREGOR'S FAMILY NAIL BOX—wide assortment of small size nails—is handy to have around the house for any kind of repair job from fixing Junior's toy engine to mending Dad's step ladder. Fire nails of all types are today making an important contribution toward helping to build a better America.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

Every day, American steel mills produce enough steel to make all of the following:

2000 freight cars	2 cargo ships
2000 trucks	2 tankers
2,000 autos	500 tanks
2000 houses	500 airplanes
1,000 refrigerators	1000 anti-aircraft guns
1,000 stoves	1000 howitzers
1 aircraft carrier	2000 aerial bombs
2 heavy cruisers	500,000 3" shells

and have

23,000 tons of steel left over!



SEA-GOING ROOST FOR WAR BIRDS. An aircraft carrier like this is an incredibly complex structure, made mostly of steel. The ship's plates, wiring, machinery, even the planes themselves, call for steel and more steel. Only steel can do so many jobs so well. And fortunately, United States Steel and the 200 other steel companies in America, can produce huge quantities of this vital metal . . . about 13 million tons more per year than the rest of the world combined.

LISTEN to . . . The Theatre Guild on the Air, presented every Sunday evening by United States Steel, National Broadcasting Company, coast-to-coast network. Consult your newspaper for time and station.

...and this label is your guide to quality steel

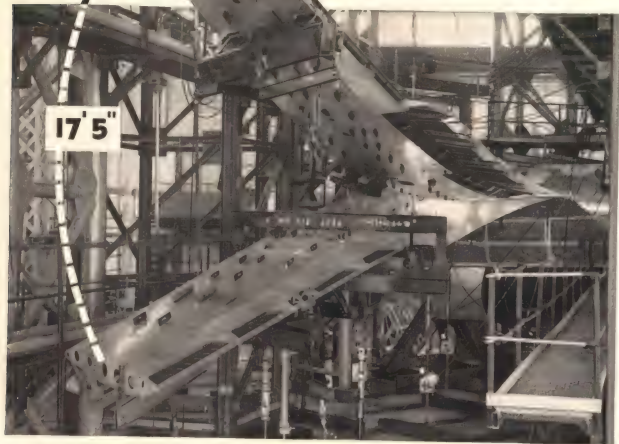
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Tough bomber on the "torque rack"

Dotted line on this composite photo shows the up and down extremes of deflection to which the Stratojet wing was subjected under tremendous test loads.



The elements will never give an airplane as severe a beating as Boeing engineers deliberately inflicted on this B-47 Stratojet bomber.

They wanted to learn whether the swept-wing, 600-mile-an-hour Stratojet was as tough as Boeing designers said it was. They found out.

In 90 separate tests, on the most complicated apparatus ever built for such purposes, they pulled, com-

pressed, twisted and strained at the Stratojet's parts — the wing, landing gear, fuselage, control surfaces and other structures. In one test alone, the wing survived what amounted to a gross load of 555,000 pounds!

No punches were pulled. Every structure was tested right up to the ultimate strength required by Boeing's structural design policy and the standards of the Air Force.

Tests like these—in which the airplane is given punishment far beyond anything it will experience under operational conditions — have been applied to all new Boeing airplanes — the B-17, B-29, B-50, Stratocruiser, Stratofreighter, etc. They assure the wide margins of safety, stamina and dependability which the U. S. Air Force and the public have come to expect of Boeing-built planes.

Among Boeing's facilities for research and development are Acoustical, Aerodynamic, Armament, Electrical, Electronic, Flight Test, Hydraulic, Mechanical Equipment, Metallurgical, Physical Research, Propulsion, and Structural Test Laboratories, and the great Boeing Wind Tunnel.

BOEING

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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 Moffett, Dwight Martin, Curtis Prendergast, HANOI
 Athens; Robert Neville, RIO DE JANEIRO; Frank White
 MEXICO CITY; Martin O'Neill, CENTRAL AMERICA;
 William H. Forbes.

PUBLISHER

James A. Lingo

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

R. D. S. Phillips, Jr.

Dear Time-Reader

A wartime friend, now with the Office of the U.S. High Commissioner for Germany, wrote me to ask TIME's aid in exposing one of Russia's elaborate propaganda weapons. He enclosed photostats of TIME pictures and stories stolen and perverted by a Russian-sponsored magazine called *USA in Wort und Bild* (USA in Word and Picture).



Following up his lead, our Berlin bureau and New York research staff looked into the work of this Communist news-warping machine. Here are some samples:

1) When Harry Truman opened the Washington Senators' first baseball game last spring, TIME published a picture of him tossing in the first ball (see picture). USA in Wort und Bild stole the picture to republish over another caption: "President Truman practices the official form of greeting in the new police state, America."

2) In September, after North Korean armor had been slashing into outnumbered United Nations forces, many U.S. papers carried a picture of General MacArthur looking at a captured Russian-made tank. To newsmen he said, "This is a pleasing sight for my old eyes." The Red journalists printed MacArthur's picture and quoted him correctly. But their version showed a great change. MacArthur was gazing, not at a Russian tank, but on a pile of dead North Koreans.

3) You may remember our Education section's story on the New York City school strike last year. Several thousand students marched to City Hall to protest denial of a \$600-a-year pay raise for teachers. With our story ran a picture of a mounted cop trying to hold back the laughing, waving crowd of high-school kids. *USA* printed the picture months later, captioned along a now-familiar Communist line: "In New York's Union Square a monster rally for peace was staged, which, in spite of all attempts by police to break it up, turned into a powerful demonstration against U.S. policy of aggression."

According to USA issues to date.

the U.S. is populated by two kinds of people: a wasteful, sex-mad, rich minority and poor, starving millions. When, as often, the Red editors are not able to find enough twistable news, they print as current events ancient stories and pictures about the rollicking 1890s and the depression-ridden 1930s. Old Charlie Chaplin movies are reported, not as achievements in comic art, but as true stories about U.S. treatment of tramps. From some cute remarks to a paper's inquiring photographer, the humorless Reds built their definition of the typical U.S. male's ideal pleasure: beating Mae West.

About once a month a similar bundle of half-truths, lies and simple absurdities slithers out of *USA's* offices on Pushkin Street in Red-run East Berlin. Free and unrequested, these magazines go by mail to editors, union leaders and other influential men in Western Germany. The Iron Curtain protects the Red editors from libel and copyright suits.

Such piracies and distortions deepen the responsibility of TIME and other U.S. publications. That responsibility was summed up by President Truman's words reported in the same TIME story from which USA stole the "police-state-greeting" picture: "Our task," said the President later that week, "is to present the truth to the millions of people who are uninformed or misin-



formed or unconvinced . . . We must make ourselves known as we really are—not as Communist propaganda pictures us."

Along with other U.S. publications distributed overseas, TIME's four international editions try to do just that—by fully reporting the week's news, good and bad.

Cordially yours,

James A. Liner

NOTICE: This issue may have reached you late. If so, you know why.

Career girl, 1965

Little Miss Telephone herself. Thirty-five members of her family have worked for the telephone company.



That's Karen Terry—She's just three and cute as a button. Already she's decided to be a telephone operator when she grows up.

There are many reasons for her choice. For Karen is related to an interesting telephone family in California. Thirty-five members of this family have worked for the telephone company in the past sixty-five years. Many still do.

Lots to Talk About—When Karen's Aunt Ella was asked what the dinner conversation is like when they get together, she said — "Why we talk shop, of course. All about the telephone company and our friends there."

It's that way with thousands of other families. One Bell Telephone Company found that 2800, or ten per cent, of its employees had members of their families in telephone work.

Stepping Ahead—A young man doesn't follow his Dad in a job unless Dad says, "Come along, son—you'll find it as good a place as I did." You won't find sister following sister, and brother following brother into telephone work without reason. They like the work and the company.

Good people in good jobs help to give this country the best telephone service in the world at low cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Man with the Answers

(See Cover)

For four days Dwight Eisenhower stayed close to his cliffside room in the Hotel Thayer at West Point, gazing out on an ice-choked Hudson River and the snow-covered hills. Outside his third-floor "presidential" suite, an MP stood guard. Downstairs in the basement grill, several hundred college girls and their cadet dates devoured cheeseburgers and malted milks while a juke box thumped out *Goodnight, Irene*.

In khaki shirt-sleeves and suspenders, the general prowled the red carpet of his sitting room, conferred with one or two aides, talked by direct phone to Washington, and treated a slight cold with applications of Vicks. Then he faced his stupendous task.

In three weeks, accompanied by Lieut. General Alfred Maximilian Gruenther, his chief of staff, he had covered twelve capitals of Europe. On the basis of that survey, he would undertake to answer the questioning going on in the U.S. The main questions were two. Can Western Europe be defended? Has Europe the heart to fight?

He was well aware of what his answers would mean to the nation. What made his assignment so overwhelming was the fact that his answers would be believed. The word of no other man would be taken so unquestioningly, so much on faith. His was a position almost unique in U.S. history. A dozen years ago, Dwight Eisenhower, of Abilene, Kans., was a lieutenant colonel serving as military assistant to Douglas MacArthur, then a field marshal of the Philippines and military adviser to the Island Commonwealth. In less than six years, Eisenhower had become a five-star general in command of the most gigantic war machine in history. Three years ago he had turned down a glittering political gamble, the presidency of the U.S. (which many people thought he could have won easily), and settled himself spiritedly into the presidency of Columbia University. Destiny had again plucked him out. Now, at 60, he bore the title of Supreme Allied Commander, Europe. His



TRUMAN & EISENHOWER
A first, heartwarming note of spring.

words would be heeded not only by the U.S. but by most of the world, friendly and hostile.

Three Ribbons. At midweek Ike had finished his report. He bundled his wife Mamie and his mother-in-law Mrs. Doud (who had joined him at West Point) into his Constellation and flew to Washington

in muck and driving sleet,* landed at the National Airport and saluted the extraordinary committee of welcome—shivering generals, ambassadors, members of the Cabinet—and the President of the U.S., who wrung his hand and led him to his limousine, shooting off photographers with the anxious comment, "We can't give this fellow pneumonia." President and general drove off to the White House to lunch, to give Eisenhower a chance to say what he had to say first to his Commander in Chief.

Within the next few hours, he hurried on to confer with the Cabinet and the Military Committee of NATO (the North Atlantic Treaty Organization), dressed in well-creased pinks and OD jacket with a single row of ribbons (the Distinguished Service Medal with three Oak Leaf clusters, the Navy's Distinguished Service Medal, the Legion of Merit). Then he was

KOREAN WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department last week reported 613 more casualties in Korea, bringing announced U.S. losses to 46,814 men in 214 days of war. The new report, dated Feb. 1, was the smallest since the first official U.S. summary casualty list was issued last Aug. 7, and reflected the two-week stalemate before the limited U.N. offensive toward Seoul. The breakdown:

DEAD	7,739
WOUNDED	29,819
MISSING	9,256

In a roundup report on civilian losses, the South Korean government announced a total of 434,666 casualties among noncombatants—men, women & children. The breakdown:

DEAD	163,461
WOUNDED	104,722
MISSING	166,483

* According to George Gallup, Eisenhower is the U.S. public's current choice for "Man of the Year" (see page 4). He was TIME's Man of the Year in 1944, appears this week for the sixth time on a TIME cover.

* A circumstance which alarmed the capital. But the general has complete faith in his pilot, Captain William Draper. Once, during the European tour, when bad weather set in between Rome and Luxembourg, Draper flew up to Luxembourg and made two practice landings before he went back to get his boss, waiting in Rome: "It's O.K., general, let's go." They went. In Copenhagen Draper landed Eisenhower's plane under a 100-ft ceiling.



MAC & IKE



CHURCHILL & IKE



MAMIE & IKE

An old soldier could not talk Olympian language . . .

ready for his first public report to the nation.

To Take the Risk. A full representation of the 82nd Congress had jammed into the auditorium of the Library of Congress. Leaders of both parties sat on the platform: Speaker Sam Rayburn, frowning at the newsreel lights; the Republicans' Kenneth Wherry, scowling over his thoughts; beetle-browed Joe Martin, wearing the rubbers he had cautiously donned to wade through Washington's slush. What did they expect? Some of them had come hoping for a kind of miracle, an authoritative sweeping-away of all confusions and doubts. What they heard was an unadorned, informal discourse delivered from one page of notes. What Eisenhower had to say was not so much a report as an earnest homily.

"I have one object in view," he said—"the good of the United States." From that premise he had examined the whole problem of joining in the defense of Europe. The U.S., Eisenhower had concluded, had to join in; there was no alternative. Its own good was bound by blood and kinship and practical exigencies to the good of Europe.

The loss of Western Europe would mean losing to the enemy an industrial capacity second only to the U.S., and losing the skilled labor of its 200 million people; it would mean the ultimate loss of all those other areas of political dependency, from which the U.S. draws manganese, copper, uranium, etc. If the U.S. had to stand alone in a world dominated by Communism, "our system would have to wither away. We

would suffer economic atrophy and then finally collapse."

"We Must Have Cooperation." This was the exigency; what was to be done about it? The general sniffled and pre-occupiedly pinched his nose. "I do not believe," he said, "that the United States can pick up the world on its economic, financial and material shoulders and carry it. We must have cooperation . . ." This was the nub of the discussion. Would Europe cooperate?

Ike's answer was a firm yes. He had found in Europe, bruised as it was by four years of Nazi occupation, some "pessimism bordering on defeatism." But he also found among Europeans the evidence of "a rejuvenation . . . a spirit again to try to live the lives of free men, to do their part and to take the risk."

The Norwegians had told him that "resistance to the point of destruction is preferable" to another occupation. He had been encouraged by what he saw in France, by the "stiffening resolve" of Italy, Belgium and Denmark were increasing their efforts.

As for West Germany, he thought the first thing for Germany was "earned equality" on a political basis. Then would be the time to talk about German military units. "I, for one commander, want no unwilling contingents," he said, "no soldier serving in the pattern of the Hessians, in any army of my command."

"What Is in the Hearts." What was to be the U.S. contribution? Not large numbers of troops. Said Eisenhower: "We cannot concentrate . . . in any one sector, even when one is as important as Western

Europe. We must largely sit here with a great mobile, powerful reserve, ready to support our policies . . . wherever they may be endangered in the world." The major U.S. contribution to Europe should be equipment.

Ike went on, in his clear, rapid way. The allies must accept the disadvantage of their position, he said. The aggressor could pick the day and arm for it.

But the greatest contribution of everyone must be confidence. "We are talking about what is in the hearts," said Eisenhower. ". . . Nobody can defend another nation by itself. The true defense of the nation can be found in its own soul." Why is the Western world, with its great potential, frightened? Because of the enemy's unity of purpose, "a unity achieved by force, by



CONNALLY, IKE, GRUENTHER

. . . but the whole Western world heeded his homily.

ignorance and by the NKVD." The only answer to that challenge is an answering unity of free men.

The Unwavering Point. When he had finished, his audience applauded respectfully and shuffled out into the slush. Their feelings were mixed. Joe Martin was impressed. Colorado's Democratic Senator Ed Johnson cracked: "The general character of the general's report was very general." Ike had given them no ringing phrases, no new facts or figures. The discourse contained none of that Olympian reporting with which Winston Churchill was accustomed to bolster his great wartime addresses.

In the end, Eisenhower had reported little more than his own hopes. But he had presented them well—and had presented his absolute conviction of the necessity of defending Europe, and his belief in the availing strength of the Western world if it would only rise to the crisis. That was his unwavering point.

Exactly how the point is to be made a fact will be the continuing problem of the Administration and Congress. The general could only convey his own optimism. It was up to them to work out their detailed confusions. His job is to lead the NATO army, navy and air force, just beginning to emerge from the phantasmic phase of historical conferences and splendid promises into something actual—measured in fleets, squadrons and divisions, noisy with the clank of weapons and marching feet (see box). But it is an army existing only on paper until the governments give it weapons and men.

For Flexibility. Before the week was out, shunted mercilessly between congressional committees, the general did supply a few more facts, a few more guarded opinions. He told a closed joint session of the Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees (over which Texas' Tom Connally presided, roaring warnings about the secrecy of the meeting) that the acceptable goal for the allied European army would be 40 divisions, 1,600,000 men, by the end of 1952. Within 18 months, Ike declared cautiously, the defenders of Europe would begin to have a chance of success.

He said that France would have 15 fully equipped divisions by that time. He said he would "welcome" the inclusion of Spain's half-million troops. He gave his approval to the idea of a foreign legion. He repaired one grievous omission in his congressional speech. He had neglected to mention the rearmament effort of Britain. Now he emphasized that Britain is contributing "very powerfully."

Unwillingly, Ike was drawn into the Great Debate—whether Congress should have veto power over the President's right to dispatch troops (as proposed by Senator Wherry), whether there should be a ceiling on numbers, or a fixed ratio of U.S. troops to Europeans (as proposed by Paul Douglas and Robert Taft). Under the glowering stare of Wherry, a member of neither committee (and there "on sufferance," Connally growled), the general

SPEAKING OF DIVISIONS



Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph—International

This is a full U.S. infantry division (Pennsylvania's 28th, National Guard). How many such divisions can the Western allies muster against Russia's 175 divisions? Despite Eisenhower's reluctance to give a specific answer, some facts & figures are available. The following is a catalogue of the twelve NATO nations' ground strength, based on the rough & ready available figures—and on estimates, guesses and hopes:

Britain: Spending 21% of her budget* for defense, will increase to 33½%. Under arms: 800,000 men, 7½ divisions spread around the world. Available to NATO: 2 divisions now, 2½ more by 1952. Equipment: mostly World War II design. Best weapons: 60-ton Centurion tank, jet fighters. Morale: fair; labor government uninspiring, but Britain's effort is biggest in Europe.

France: Spending 18.6% for defense, may increase to 29%. Under arms: 697,000 men, 7 divisions; 150,000 of her troops are in Indo-China. Available to NATO: 3 divisions now, 15 by the end of 1952. Equipment: fair, but improving with U.S. help. Morale: uncertain—i.e., poor but could be made good; shot through with Communism, beset by uncertainties of revolving-door government—facts which Premier Plevin (see The Presidency) refuses to recognize publicly; anti-Communism could be solidified.

Italy: Spending 25% for defense, the bulk of it for military housekeeping. Under arms: 350,000 men (the peace treaty limit), 5 divisions. Available to NATO: none now, 3 pledged. Equipment: outmoded and inadequate, limited by treaty to light artillery, fighter aircraft, a few tanks. Morale: fair, despite strong Communist opposition; great willingness on part of the government to do more, if permitted.

Belgium: Spending 15% for defense. Under arms: 73,000 men. Available to NATO: 1 division now, 2 more by mid-1952. Equipment: inadequate. Morale: fair; powerful anti-Communist strength (spearheaded by Catholics), but filled with ambiguities of socialist pacifism. The Benelux countries set their pace by the pace and policies of France.

The Netherlands: Spending 24% for defense. Under arms: 80,000 men, no division organization. Available to NATO: nothing now, 3 divisions promised. Equipment: inadequate. Morale: fair; stiff opposition to military spending at expense of welfare, but a few days after Eisenhower's visit, government almost doubled its defense budget.

Luxembourg: Under arms: 2,280 men. Available to NATO: no troops.

Denmark: Spending 20% for defense. Under arms: 23,000 men, home guard of 30,000. Available to NATO: 1,000 men. Equipment: more Danish-made machine guns on hand than Danes can use, but other equipment inadequate. Morale: excellent.

Portugal: Spending 24% for defense. Under arms: 60,000 men, no division organization. Government insists on inclusion of Spain in NATO.

Norway: Spending 20% of her budget for defense. Available to NATO: 4,000 men. No standing army, but drafts 22,000 men annually for nine months' training. Equipment: fair. Morale: excellent.

Iceland: Nothing; even the cops are unarmed.

Canada: Spending 40% of her budget for defense. Under arms: 62,000 men. Available to NATO: some air squadrons. Promised: 5,000 men. Morale: good, except for attitude of extreme complacency (see CANADA).

U.S.: Spending almost 55% of her budget for defense. Under arms: 2,500,000 men, to increase to 3,400,000 men by July; 17 divisions. Available to NATO: 2 Germany-based divisions now, possibly 6-10 by 1952. Equipment: good. Morale: good.

Total Available to NATO: 8 divisions now, 36-40 in 1952.

* Defense figures in some cases may include pensions, veterans' services, etc.

THE PRESIDENCY

Under Four Hats

"You know," said Harry Truman at a dinner honoring 21 freshman Democrats in the House, "I wear a lot of hats." First, "I am the President and the Chief Executive of the greatest republic in the world, and I wish I could fill that job as it ought to be filled . . . I am head of the Democratic Party as long as I am President . . . I am the social chief of state . . . and I have another job, which is Commander in Chief of the armed forces of the United States."

Then, urging the young Congressmen to work hard on Capitol Hill, the President unwound a bit. "There is one thing about this job," Harry Truman confided with a wry smile. "It has no future to it."

properly sidestepped direct answers, arguing merely for "flexibility" in military planning. Before the House Foreign Affairs and Armed Services Committees, he said again that the "major and special" contribution of the U.S. should be equipment, but thought that six U.S. divisions should be in Europe by the end of 1951. He was against fixed ceilings and arbitrary ratios. He stressed the importance of sending some U.S. troops to Europe at once.

Members showed their anxieties by their questioning. What if the Russians decide to invade Europe tomorrow, or in six months? What could be done? Nothing, the general confessed. Then why risk losing thousands of soldiers by sending them to Europe at once, why not wait until the allies have a better chance of defending Western Europe? Because of the effect it would have on the Europeans, Eisenhower argued. One "unit," he said (he did not specify size) would be worth two or three "units" sent later. He reiterated his major theme: the first job is to "create a climate and a will for self-defense."

Then Ike was off to a meeting of the Senate Preparedness subcommittee, to add his voice to the Pentagon's plea for a realistic draft bill (*see* Armed Forces).

After 1776, 1951. At week's end, nerves on edge but still smiling and buoyant, somewhat worn by his man-killing schedule, which he himself had insisted upon, he turned his face and voice to the U.S. public. From the Pentagon's studio he went on radio and TV.

Reading his speech (printed in 11-inch letters on 30-by-40-in. cards and held across the room by aides so that he did not have to lower his eyes to his desk), he gazed into the nation's living rooms. Watchers saw a grave, soldierly figure, hands clasped before him, a familiar, combed, expressive American face furrowed with the sincerity of deep conviction. He was a man in a hurry, with a mission, speaking in his rapid voice that grated occasionally with weariness.

"We strive to erect a wall of security for the free world," he said. He recalled the courage of free men in another day—the French at Verdun in 1916, the Italians at Vittorio Veneto,* the British in 1940 "when they stood alone against Hitler." For Americans he recalled Valley Forge. "Indeed, if each of us now proves himself worthy of his countrymen fighting and dying in Korea, then success is sure . . ."

"Each of us must do his part. We cannot delay while we suspiciously scrutinize the sacrifices made by our neighbors, and through a weasling logic seek some way to avoid our own duties. If we Americans seize the lead, we will preserve and be worthy of our own past . . . It is not my place as a soldier to dwell upon the politics, the diplomacy, the particular treaty arrangements." He was merely an individual "with some experience of war and

peace." He had confidence in America. "We know that 150 million united Americans constitute the greatest temporal force that has ever existed on God's earth." They must join in common understanding of their role. Then 1951 might be recorded in history as brightly as the year 1776.

After the Word, the Crusade. Some Americans hardly looked up from their poker games and the dinner dishes. Others went on with their private arguments. But millions of Americans listened. Few of them seemed to be deeply stirred, but most of them were impressed. Their reaction was a remarkable tribute to a remarkable man; if Eisenhower says so, then that's the way it is. The U.S. was ready to take Ike's word for it.

He had done for the President what



HARRIMAN & PLEVEN
This Frenchman made a hit.

Harry Truman could not do for himself. Ike appeared to have routed the calamity-bowlers and the super-cautious—the Hoovers, the Kennedys, the Wherrys, the Tafts. By the end of the week, congressional opposition to the Administration's main military plans had all but collapsed. Congress and the people were behind the second Eisenhower crusade.

After Winter, Spring. In Europe, the reaction was dramatic. Britain, appalled by Eisenhower's first failure to give her credit for her effort, breathed an almost audible sigh of relief. Italians remembered their past glories. The non-Communists of France were lifted up. The whole of Western Europe, living under the shadow of the great peril, was more heartened than at any time in four years of daily threats, unending scares.

Eisenhower had presented no uncertainties either to Europe or to his countrymen. He had offered only a risk. Little had happened except that Eisenhower had said what he had to say—and the Western world felt better.

He had presented the West with the heartening proposition that what it had to do it could do. He had rejected pessimism and the hopeless statistics which proved that Europe is licked. No other man could have said it and been believed by so many different people and parties and governments. In the disconsolate winter of 1951, the Western world heard a first, heart-warming note of spring.

Every young man wants something to look forward to."

The next night Harry Truman took off his Democrats' hat, picked up his social topper and escorted Bess to a full-dress reception in their honor at Washington's staid Congressional Club. There the President gave each one of the 500 guests a hearty handshake and a good word, beamed approvingly as the red-coated Marine orchestra played music from *South Pacific*, and took a disparaging sip of the nonalcoholic fruit punch.

But most of the week, Harry Truman had been wearing his Executive and Commander in Chief hats for the top-level conferences with French Prime Minister René Plevin. While briefcase-toting political and military advisers scurried importantly in & out of the green-draped Cabinet Room, Truman and Plevin, talking in English without interpreters, got down to brass tacks.

After two days of friendly conversation, they came to agreement on two major points: 1) the U.S. would not pull out of Korea and France would fight on with stepped-up U.S. aid in Indo-China; 2) France would not back-pedal on European defense.

Plevin walked out of the White House wreathed in smiles. He had reassured himself on U.S. intentions, had also reassured the U.S. on France's willingness to do her part. He had made a big hit in Washington. Said Harry Truman: "I like this

* The climax of the counter-offensive in 1918, when the Italians under Diaz rallied, drove back and destroyed the invading forces of Austria.

Frenchman better than any European I've met since the end of the war."

Before he went home, Plevan and Foreign Policy Adviser Averell Harriman were honor guests at a luncheon of the National Press Club. Said Plevan: "France is your ally and not just a fair-weather friend. . . I want this clearly understood by any group that may be plotting against us. . . We will never forget that our cause is our way of life—that it must and will be defended."

On the eighth anniversary of Stalin's death, *Pravda* triumphantly reprinted an old pre-Pearl Harbor Truman quote: "If we see that Germany is winning, we ought to help Russia, and if Russia is winning, we ought to help Germany, and that way let them kill as many as possible." What *Pravda* carefully omitted was the final phrase: ". . . although I don't want to see Hitler victorious in any circumstances."

Four Chaplains

Early one February morning in 1943, the U.S. troop transport *Dorchester* was wallowing through icy seas off Greenland. Most of the 900 troops on board were asleep in their bunks. Suddenly a torpedo smashed into the *Dorchester's* thin flank. Frantically pounding up the ladders, the troops milled in confusion on the unfamiliar decks.

In those dark moments of panic, the coolest men aboard were four U.S. Army chaplains—1st Lieuts. Clark V. Poling (Reformed Church in America), Alexander D. Goode (Jewish), John P. Washington (Catholic), George L. Fox (Methodist). The four chaplains led the men to boxes of life jackets, passed them out to the soldiers with boat-drill precision. When the boxes were empty, the four chaplains quietly slipped off their own precious life preservers, put them on four young G.I.s and told them to jump.

The *Dorchester* went down 25 minutes later in a rumble of steam; some 600 men were lost, but the heroic chaplains had helped save over 200. The last anyone saw of them, they were standing on the slanting deck, their arms linked, in prayer.

Last week President Truman went up to Philadelphia to speak at the opening of a \$300,000, all-faiths chapel dedicated to their memory. The President was escorted by Dr. Daniel A. Poling, chaplain of the church and father of one of the heroic four.* His voice echoing through the limestone archways, Harry Truman spoke with unconcealed emotion:

"Those four chaplains obeyed the Divine Commandment that men should love one another. . . This is an old faith in our country. It is shared by all our churches and all our denominations. . . The unity of our country comes from this faith. . ."

* No Catholic representative was present, explained Miss Thomas McCarthy of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and there could be no official Catholic altar because canon law forbids joint worship.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Standard Soap Opera

The whole thing was as stylized as the synopsis of a soap-opera plot. Exasperated by India's refusal to support the U.S. position in the United Nations, Congress was in no mood, week before last, to discuss India's plea for 2,000,000 tons of grain to feed its famine-threatened millions. Texas' Senator Tom Connally had pointedly announced that India would have to wait while a Foreign Relations subcommittee "looked into" the whole question of U.S.-Indian relations. Would Congress relent? Would India be left to starve?

The U.S. press promptly burst into a chorus of high-minded admonishment. Editorialists, in their best voice-of-reason tones, reproved the hasty Connally; readers wrote grave letters of warning to editors; Communists crowded. Columnist Walter Lippmann exhorted with heavy passion: "We can not, we must not stoop to it. . . For it would illustrate too dramatically the propaganda of our enemies—namely, that American philanthropy undermines the independence of the nations which accept it."

But, as every intelligent schoolboy knows, there was no need for all this huffing. Uncle Sam would never condemn people to starvation out of spite. Last week 14 Senators and ten Representatives banded together to press for bipartisan action. Among them was Minnesota's Representative Walter H. Judd, a courageous champion of China's Chiang Kai-shek and a dead-aim critic of Nehru's foreign policy. And Wisconsin's raspingly 110% American, Senator Joe McCarthy, came out for feeding the Indians. This set the scene for the announcement that President Truman would shortly make a formal request for the grain.

As any soap-opera fan could guess, there would be a few more scenes of cliff-hanging suspense. Then India would get its grain.

Two Can Play

Notified that U.S. diplomats in Hungary were restricted to an 18-mile zone around Budapest, the State Department dispatched a curt note: "Effective immediately, members of the Hungarian diplomatic mission in the United States . . . are prohibited from staying or traveling beyond a specified area except by express permission. . . The designated area is fixed at a distance of 18 miles from the White House, Washington, D.C."

TAXES

Biggest Ever

President Truman last week presented Congress with his long-awaited tax plan. It was a one-two punch. He wanted \$30 billion in new taxes right away; a request for the remaining \$6.5 billion needed to make up the estimated \$16.5 billion deficit in his new budget would be along later. The President outlined his proposals in a

formal message to Congress. This week Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder filled in some details in testimony before the House Ways & Means Committee. The Administration proposed:

¶ A \$4 billion increase in personal income taxes, adding \$3 in new taxes for every \$100 of income after deductions and exemptions.

¶ A \$3 billion increase in corporation taxes, upping the normal maximum rate from the present 47% to 55%.

¶ A \$3 billion "selective" increase in excise taxes on nonessential consumer goods and products that used materials in short supply. Suggested boosts: gasoline up 1½¢ a gallon, cigarettes up 3¢ a pack, whisky up \$3 a gallon; taxes on radios, television sets, household appliances (now 10%) to be raised to 25%, on automobiles (now 7%) to 20%.

¶ Plugging tax loopholes in estate and gift taxes, an increase in capital-gains taxes (now 25%) to 33½%, a cut in the special allowance permitted oil and gas producers (now 27½%) to 15%.

If Congress approved, the new bill would raise the total federal tax for the year to an estimated \$65 billion—the biggest tax levy in history.

MOBILIZATION

Small Pile

The U.S. stockpile of strategic materials (i.e., the amount considered necessary to sustain war production for five years) is "not satisfactory," said Munitions Board Chairman John D. Small last week. The stockpile's goal is \$8.9 billion worth of materials, but at year's end the total was only \$2.7 billion. Small, who is in charge of the pile, promised to build it up.

ARMED FORCES

Everyone Should Go

In all the hustle of his busy Washington schedule, General Eisenhower found time for a visit to Senator Lyndon Johnson's Armed Services Subcommittee. There, speaking both as a general and a college president, Eisenhower came out foursquare for George Marshall's manpower program—the drafting of 18-year-olds, extension of the draft service term to 27 months, deferment of 75,000 bright young men until they get college training.

In its vote-conscious efforts to put off the 18-year-old draft as long as possible, the subcommittee had swung to Chairman Johnson's idea of writing priority into the legislation: 1) 100,000 reclaimed 4-Fs and about 200,000 married men between 19 and 26 with no previous military service; 2) 18-year-olds approaching 19; and 3) the rest of the 18-year-olds. Shouldn't those husbands be drafted, Eisenhower was asked.

Sure, replied Ike. Everyone should go. But the big thing was to get young men into uniform and train them. "Train a man because he deserves it. . . We all worry about how we are going to train a young man for his job and his place in society," he declared. "But nobody has

ever worried about training them to fight. We have sent men overseas without one blankety-blank bit of training. There are more graves overseas for that reason than any other I know of.

"Every generation in the history of this country has had to go to war," added General Eisenhower, almost vehemently. "And nobody has ever bothered to train them for it."

"Eddie Would Be Happy"

The crossfire of enemy machine guns trapped Private Eddie Cleaborn, 18, and his platoon assaulting Communist positions near Kuri. Eddie charged on up the ridge and knocked out the North Korean machine-gun crews to the front. While his platoon recovered the wounded and slowly withdrew, Eddie Cleaborn stood his ground. He fired so often and so fast that hot gun metal seared his hands. The platoon escaped, but Eddie Cleaborn never made it.

This week, in the auditorium of the Negro high school he attended, Private Edward O. Cleaborn will get his posthumous reward—the Distinguished Service Cross, second highest honor the U.S. bestows on its heroes. "Private Cleaborn's heroic self-sacrifice permitted the withdrawal of his platoon to new positions," said the Army citation. "The extraordinary heroism . . . reflects great credit on himself and the military service."

A new housing development was named for Eddie Cleaborn, and Memphis was considering naming a new park after him. Said Eddie's mother: "Eddie would be happy to know this."

VETERANS

Second Melon

The Veterans Administration had another plump melon for the owners of some \$8,000,000 National Service Life Insurance policies. Beginning in April, the VA will begin passing out \$685 million in dividend checks. Average payment: \$85.

Revolt in the Legion

In the smoky, second-floor room in Easton, Pa., Post Commander George Lacey told the sprawled Legionnaires of Brown and Lynch Post: "Fellows, there's nothing to discuss here. The national convention opposes the Hoover veterans' recommendations.* That's an edict. If we don't go along, we lose our charter." The Legionnaires docilely chorused agreement.

But one Legionnaire was shocked. Legionnaire Martin Merson, a 44-year-old lawyer and Navy veteran, who is still gaunt from malaria contracted on Guadalcanal, began checking around. He found that most of the post members had not the slightest idea of what they were voting on. He found that out of 650 members, only a handful ever attended meetings, and this handful ran the post to suit them-

selves. Merson got madder & madder. With such a setup, what right had national Legion commanders to tell U.S. congressmen that they represented the wishes of nearly 3,000,000 members?

Veterans Are Different. Last week, goaded by Merson, the Easton post agreed to debate the Hoover report again. National headquarters sent a special representative and the district commander to introduce him. After the lighting of cigars and swearing to the Legion's pledge of "100% Americanism," debate began. The national command had one defense ("Veterans are a selected group") and one tactic

lution down thunderingly. "Motion defeated," screamed Post Commander Lacey in triumph, ringing his bell. Then his secretary whispered in his ear. Lacey's face fell. "Comrades," he shouted in horror, "we have just gone against the national edict!"

It was a small beginning, but not an easy one. "I'll lose clients because of what I did tonight," admitted a young lawyer, "but what the hell—it's worth it." Said Merson: "It will take more than a Tide of Toys to bring the American Legion back to life. But it can be done."

LABOR

Con Game

For the second time in seven weeks, U.S. railway unions used a swindler's trick in their tangled, two-year contract fight. The key switchmen who make up trains in pivotal rail yards began reporting sick again in droves—first in Chicago and Detroit, then in dozens of other cities, east, west and south, around the nation. The effect was even more devastating than it was last December when Christmas packages piled up.

In an elephantine gesture calculated to insure him against legal action, Union President William P. Kennedy sent an order to all locals. They were to remember their duty not to strike against the Government (which seized the roads last August) and, in effect, be good, loyal citizens. It was a good guess that different orders went along the union grapevine; the work stoppages simply spread.

Half-Nelson. Contempt proceedings were begun against the union in Chicago (where the Government was preparing to demand \$500,000-a-day fines), in Cleveland and in Washington. The President denounced the workers. But this time the railroaders seemed determined to keep their half-nelson on the country until it wheezed.

Thousands of rank & file union men were angry at going almost three years without a wage raise (largely because their bosses couldn't agree on a few technical details). They were angry, too, at being called unpatriotic. In their anger, they were willing to be mean. So, suddenly, they decided to go in for the mass lie. The pattern of the phony epidemics changed from day to day. On some railroads the wildcatters began drifting back after a few days, but when they did, more reported sick elsewhere. At St. Louis strikers had "tonsillitis"; at Detroit they guessed, soberly, that they "must have picked up a bug . . ."

Gone But Not Forgotten. Early this week, as the switchmen were joined by increasing numbers of other railway workers, a creeping paralysis gripped the nation. Passenger service almost everywhere was erratic or nonexistent. A fourth of the nation's 800,000 loaded freight cars were stuck on sidings all over the country. Industrial workers were laid off by the thousands. The most severe embargo in



Donald L. Riley

LEGIONNAIRE MERSON

"Stand up and be counted as men."

assumption: any change in the Veterans Administration would loosen the Legion's traditional grip on VA matters. Merson's forces argued only that the Hoover proposals would be more efficient. Cried Merson: "Shall we be rubber stamps of the Legion hierarchy—or shall we be free men, following each the dictates of his own conscience? Let us stand up and be counted as men!"

The smoke got thicker, the talk angrier, and the post commander's bell rang more frantically. "Didn't the national Legion decide all this? What are we discussing it for?" demanded a fuddled Legionnaire. "We can't do anything contrary to the edict of the national Legion," bawled one World War I veteran. "Edict!" roared grizzled old Herman Wolff. "I never would have joined the damned organization if I knew I was subject to edicts. One hundred percent Americanism! Bah!"

"Motion Defeated." In the confusion, Merson's men introduced the same resolution the post had passed last year—approving the Hoover report but opposing its veterans' provisions. The oldtimers were sure that anything Merson was for they were against. Before they knew what was happening, they had voted the reso-

* Which would consolidate federal hospitals under one administration, eliminate duplication and waste.

history was clamped down by the post office: nothing moved by first class mail which weighed more than eight ounces. Planes, trucks and buses were jammed with mail, freight and passengers.

Throughout the tie-up, union officials made it plain that they thought the President was the man to settle the strike. They would welcome a cozy White House session at which Harry Truman would tell the railroads to be more generous. But the President was dead-set against any further White House intervention.

This week, however, as the strike began cutting into the defense buildup, he agreed to let Mobilization Boss Charles E. Wilson broadcast an appeal to the railroad men.

"The safety of our country is in danger," said Wilson. "What you are doing now can hurt the United States more than all the Communist armies in Korea . . . It is impossible, now to recover the time lost in shipment of supplies overseas or the production lost by the plants which have shut down. No matter how serious your grievances may seem to you, they cannot justify the harm you are doing to your country."

"You have a right to a fair settlement of any differences you have with railroad management. But you have no right to stop your country's defense effort. You have no right to strike against your government. . . . I ask you to report on your next shift."

COMMUNISTS

The Way of the Dupe

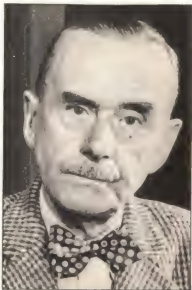
The first project of the spanking new American Peace Crusade had a familiar ring: a "peace pilgrimage" to Washington to protest the "armaments race" to demand that the U.S. recognize Communist China and get out of Korea. Among the sponsors were the same tired names the Communists use over & over, in slightly different combinations, for all their fronts: Singer Paul Robeson; Ben Gold, president of the International Fur Workers; Author Howard Fast (see below); Artist Rockwell Kent. There was one other useful name and a distinguished one: Author Thomas Mann.

At the Mann home in California, Mann's daughter Erika rushed forth with a voluble explanation. About two weeks ago, she said, 75-year-old Dr. Mann got a letter from "a Cornell University physicist whom we know" inviting Mann to become a sponsor for a peace organization. The language was "highly civilized," and the seven names on the letterhead seemed "flawless." The names of Robeson, Fast et al. did not appear. "Otherwise," said Miss Mann flatly,

The letter sounded innocuous—it took two nations to start a war; it was all right to be firm with Russia, but we must lead the way in creating an atmosphere of wanting world peace. This aim seemed "praiseworthy" to Dr. Mann, and he wrote that he would be delighted to lend his name, but did not feel he could help as an

organizer. That was the last he had heard until the announcement appeared.

It was the typical story of a Communist dupe—and Thomas Mann had shown himself to be only too susceptible to the Communist shell game. The Warsaw Peace Conference had elected Dr. Mann to its presidium *in absentia*, and Mann had had to cable a protest and his explanation: he had written France's Communist Dr. Joliot-Curie refusing to attend the conference but expressing his sympathy for Joliot-Curie's efforts for peace. Mann had refused to sign the Stockholm petition, but had sent a recorded message to Chi-



Johna Pepper—Pix

NOVELIST MANN

The same gang was colling.

cago's Mid-Century Conference for Peace, taken over by the same gang.

Mann, in a time when every man must keep his wits about him, had not been paying strict attention.

The Martinsville Seven

"MILLIONS FIGHT TO SAVE INNOCENT NEGROES," screamed the *Daily Worker*. "Negroes lynched, Nazis freed, where's our democracy?" chanted a crowd outside Manhattan's city hall. Pickets, led by Author Howard Fast, turned up in the snow before the White House, carrying black-bordered signs: "Seven Negroes framed and condemned by all-white jury." The well-greased Communist apparatus was making propaganda hay out of the Martinsville Seven—with suitable adjustments in the facts.

The Martinsville Seven were seven Negroes who had confessed to raping the wife of a Martinsville, Va. store manager just two years ago. They had been duly tried and convicted, their cases had twice been carried to the U.S. Supreme Court, which refused to review them. Even the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which provided legal counsel for the prisoners' appeal, did

not seriously question their guilt; it argued that they were denied equal treatment under the 14th Amendment, pointing out that since 1908, Virginia had executed 45 Negroes for rape, but no white man.

But last week some 517 of the faithful, masterminded by the Communist-front Congress of Civil Rights, descended on Richmond to establish a "vigil of prayer." The Communist callopie swung into high. The Union of Polish Youth cabled a demand for a "full pardon for the seven innocent Negro youths." Moscow trotted out its tame intellectuals. "In the name of justice and the sacred rights of man, we raise our wrathful voice in protest," said Shostakovitch, Prokofiev & Co. The radio of the Chinese People's Government broadcast an appeal to stay "this barbaric sentence."

A delegation waited on Virginia's Governor John Battle, who patiently recited the long history of judicial review, pointed out that there was not the "slightest suggestion" of police brutality. "These people were not convicted because they were Negroes," said Battle. "Neither should they be released because they are Negroes."

At week's end, while the "vigil" continued in freezing weather, four of the seven rapists died in the state's electric chair. Early this week, on schedule, the three remaining men, perpetrators of a brutal crime, were executed.

This week another case avidly taken up by the Communists was back in the news again, when six Negroes went on trial in New Jersey's superior court for the murder of an elderly junkman. A new trial for "the Trenton Six" had been ordered by the state supreme court after a finding that they had been convicted without getting their due rights under law.

NEW YORK

Crime Hunters

After a year of chasing gamblers, chiselers, unusually wealthy police officers and other curious creatures out of the worm-eaten woodwork of the nation's largest city, a New York City grand jury last week sent out a call for reinforcements. The jurors proposed a crime commission of distinguished citizens, to be financed by public contributions. Its job: to keep an eye on officials charged with preventing crime, holler long & loud if they fall down on the job.

By prearrangement, more than 50 distinguished citizens got together within three hours of the jury's action, formed the Crime Committee of Greater New York* and began looking for FBI-picked investigators to get it operating. As chairman of the nonpartisan group, the citizens picked Spruille Braden, hard-driving, blunt-talking ex-Ambassador to Argentina and former Assistant Secretary of State

* A few days after the Citizens Union set up its own New York City Crime Commission.

for Latin American affairs. Among the other members: Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey, President Thomas I. Parkinson of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, President S. Sloan Colt of the Bankers Trust Co.

Chairman Braden leaped into the new assignment with enthusiasm. "We are shocked when we see so much corruption—perhaps we should be called the Anti-Corruption committee," explained Braden. "This corruption goes beyond city, state and national borders. It is hurting us in world affairs."

THE CAPITAL

Up the Ladder

Just like Horatio Alger, E. Merl Young began at the bottom of the ladder and worked his way up in no time at all simply because he was personable, persevering, alert—and a friend of the man who owned the ladder.

Merl got to know his benefactor in Missouri when he helped a little in Harry Truman's 1934 campaign for the Senate. A smooth-talking young man at 24, Merl came to Washington in 1937 and got a job with a dairy company. But his Missouri friend did not forget him. In 1940, Senator Truman gave Merl's wife, Lauretta, a job in his office; for part of the time, she was Harry Vaughan's secretary. Merl himself went to work for the Government's General Accounting Office as an assistant messenger at \$20 a week. While Merl went off to join the Marines in World War II, Lauretta stayed with Harry Truman, and when he went to the White House, she went along as secretary to the President's personal secretary.

Super Errand Boy. After the war, Merl Young blossomed. He was hired as an examiner for the Reconstruction Finance Corp. at \$4,500 a year, soon was getting more than \$7,000. He was a frequent caller at the White House, where he would go to pick up Lauretta at the end of the working day or converse with his good friend Donald Dawson, ex-personnel officer of RFC, who became the President's principal adviser on political patronage. (Mrs. Alva Dawson works at the RFC as supervisor of all the agency's files.) Merl was also available for occasional odd jobs. When 1943 campaign time arrived, Merl was on hand as a sort of fixer and super errand boy for Harry Truman's cross-country speaking tour.

Suddenly, two private companies got interested in Merl Young's talents. One was the Lustron Corp., the fabulously unsuccessful housing company; the other was the F. L. Jacobs Co. of Detroit, an auto-parts concern which also made washing machines. Both were in debt to the RFC at the time. Lustron hired RFC Examiner Young to be a vice president at \$18,000 a year. Without bothering to tell Lustron, Young simultaneously took a \$10,000-a-year post as an executive of the Jacobs company.

It made a splendid combination. Jacobs Executive Young proceeded to persuade

Lustron Vice President Young that Lustron's houses needed Jacobs' washing machines. As a special convincer, Jacobs offered Young a \$15 commission for every machine he sold to Lustron. But that scheme never worked out. Lustron sank last year with \$37 million of RFC bullion abroad; Jacobs quit the washing-machine business.

Profitable Sideline. The collapse of those hopes did not bother Merl for long. With financial help from Jacobs officials and some friends in a Washington law office which made a specialty of winning RFC loans for clients, he went into the insurance business for himself. He worked up a sideline as an "expediter" who, through his influence with the right people, could help companies doing business with

POLITICAL NOTES

Ten to Go

By vote of its state legislature last week, Idaho became the 26th state (of 36 required) to ratify the 22nd Amendment to the Constitution, which would limit the President to two terms.

Muzzled Ox

When Harry Truman zeroed in on the Marine Corps and its "propaganda machine" last fall (TIME, Sept. 18), everyone in Seattle expected ex-Marine Joseph P. Adams to let loose an earsplitting wail. Joe, as regional head of the Marine Corps Reserve Officers Association and onetime (1947-49) state Director of Aeronautics, was himself a prime, uninhibited propa-



MERL YOUNG

LAURETTA YOUNG & HARRY VAUGHAN

Through the White House door to \$60,000 a year.

RFC. Young's 1950 income, according to his own advance estimate, touched the neighborhood of \$60,000. The work left him time for various extracurricular activities. He was advance man for Vice President Alben Barkley's cross-country political tour last fall, maintained daily long-distance contact with the President and National Democratic Chairman Bill Boyle. Through it all, Lauretta Young held on to her \$4,700-a-year post as secretary to the President's secretary.

Last week a special Senate subcommittee gave Merl the Milkman the recognition he deserved. The investigators, led by Senator Fulbright (Dem., Ark.), reported that they had found the RFC's multimillion-dollar operations ridden by "favoritism" and dominated by outsiders wielding undue influence over RFC officials. White House Aide Donald Dawson, a shrewd veteran of 18 years in Washington's bureaucratic jungle was exercising "considerable influence" over certain RFC directors and had "tried to dominate" the agency from his White House perch. But, the Senators added, "the individual named most frequently in the reports of alleged influence . . . is E. Merl Young."

gandist. But Joe just gulped, for he was also a Democrat, and went on quietly politicking for Truman.

This week, as the Good Book commands, the muzzled ox got fed. Harry Truman nominated loyal Joe Adams for a six-year, \$15,000-a-year term as a member of the Civil Aeronautics Board, and the Senate unanimously approved the appointment.

Klan Kluxed

Georgia's white-hooded Ku Klux Klan got a sharp rap across the knuckles (see Press). Governor Herman E. Talmadge, high priest of white supremacy in the South, signed into law a bill forbidding three of the Klan's barbarisms: wearing masks, burning crosses, intimidating people.

No More Straps

Alabama's newly elected Governor Gordon Persons carried out his campaign pledge to ban the medieval practice of flaying unruly convicts, publicly burned 30 of the state's heavy, 5-ft. leather lashes. Two others were saved as mementos: one for the state's Department of Archives and History, one for the governor's office.

INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

Forward or Back?

The U.S. had maneuvered itself into an odd position on the Korean war. It had got from the United Nations a condemnation of Red China as an aggressor, but this action had a price: the more or less clear commitment from the U.S. that sanctions against Red China would not be requested.

This raised a basic question: What was the U.S. now trying to do in Korea? Hold the area against aggressors? That had been done against North Koreans. Possibly it could be done against Chinese Reds. But against North Koreans, Chinese Reds and Russians? Hardly.

For the U.S. to stay in Korea made good sense if that decision was looked on as part of a plan to punish the Chinese aggressor. The Chinese army could be fought in the north, while Red China's strength was drained by embargo and Nationalist attacks in the south. But to stay in Korea and not try to hurt Red China elsewhere would be just obstinacy, not policy.

With two-thirds of U.S. ground forces committed to Korea, unarmed Japan, greatest strategic asset in the Far East, was wide-open to Red attack.

U.S. policy had to move either forward or back. The Army last week was moving forward, although military men in Washington did not relish the Korean war in its present framework. The State Department was still hanging back.

Troubled Rock

Anglo-American unity is the rock of the free world. Nonetheless, for some months now, angry seas of recrimination have buffeted and broken against that rock.

On the U.S. side, the petulance reached a sorry point a fortnight ago when six Newark war veterans sent Prime Minister Clement Attlee a cablegram: "Just in case Mr. Chamberlain didn't leave you his, we are forwarding you an umbrella. It may come in handy in Peking."

On the British side, some of the most harsh taunts and reproaches, as reckless as those of the McCormick press in the U.S., have come from London's *New Statesman and Nation*.

For a Third Force. Last week the *New Statesman* outdid itself with an article by a timeworn Socialist, G.D.H. Cole, who keeps saying he is not a Communist fellow traveler. Cole explained his view of Far Eastern events: "I looked on the war in Korea as essentially a civil and not an international war . . . I wanted the North to win. The Government of South Korea appeared to me to be a hopelessly reactionary puppet affair . . ."

"When the Americans did intervene in arms, and appealed to the U.N., I felt their action to be entirely wrong . . . [It was] a sheer misuse of U.N. to take advantage of the absence of the Russians from the Security Council and of the presence of the wrong Chinese govern-

ment . . . When the American forces, dragging us with them, advanced right to the Manchurian frontier, I was quite unable to blame the Chinese for intervening . . ." Cole's conclusion: "If Great Britain gets dragged into war with China by the Americans, I shall be on the side of China . . ."

How to avoid such a situation? "The hope . . . lies in . . . the Third Force . . . playing for time, and . . . doing what we can to avoid an absolutely clear-cut division of the world into two hostile armed camps—which is precisely what the Americans seem bent on bringing about . . ."

Cole's voice was not the voice of Britain. But his sentiments, which Americans would find shocking, were shared by thousands of his countrymen.

The Socialist government, for instance, does not conceal a certain sympathy for what Prime Minister Attlee calls "the new emerging [i.e., Red] China." From Winston Churchill down, Britons naturally put Europe's security first, fear lest American strength be deflected from the defense of Europe against Communism to a defense of Asia against Communism. Nor do Britons want their commercial stake in the Far East disrupted by war or even sanctions against Red China. James Griffiths told the House of Commons last week that British trade in Southeast Asia was booming: during the first six months of the Korean war, shipments of raw rubber from Singapore and other British territories to Red China had increased to 70,700 tons from 15,881 tons in the corresponding period of 1949.

For Collective Security. Above the impetuous outcry that beat upon the Anglo-American rock rose a steadier voice. London's *Economist* printed a deadpan parody to remind Britons that the principle of collective security for the free world is the same, East or West. Under the future headline, "Lake Success, January 22, 1952," the *Economist* reported another, imaginary "cease-fire debate" in the U.N.:

"Since the withdrawal of the United Nations forces from Bonn, opinion in the Assembly has been veering in favor of the American view that it is necessary to abandon Germany altogether in order to restore peace in Europe. The British delegate, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, has, indeed, continued to press for the condemnation of Russia as an aggressor . . . The American delegate, Mr. Warren Austin, however, is urging caution; he maintains that hasty action would not be in the interests of peace and that time is needed to study the latest Russian counter-proposals . . ."

"Russia . . . insisted that Russian basic terms . . . must be accepted before the victorious Russian volunteers could be advised to desist from their offensive . . ."

"The British army having suffered 50,000 casualties in the fighting in Germany, British public opinion is in a somewhat excitable mood . . . In Washington, how-

ever, . . . it is felt that the British are liable to be headstrong . . . and that their old imperial traditions are making them unduly belligerent.

"Senator Beboop has . . . said it was very unfortunate that nobody seemed to be able to exercise any control over General Eisenhower, who had evidently underestimated the prospects of Russian intervention when he pursued the East German invaders back across the zonal boundary.

"The Indian Prime Minister [opposes the idea of declaring Russia an aggressor. The Russians, he said, had suffered great humiliations in the period before Peter the Great, and naturally it would take them a long time to get over it . . . If they were to be branded as aggressors simply because they had committed an act of aggression, it might spoil the chances of peaceful negotiation . . ."

The *Economist's* sharp parody made it clear that the British and the Americans still spoke the same language; the fact that the *New Statesman and Nation* and the *Chicago Tribune* also participated in this idiom could be regarded as humiliating, but not catastrophic.

UNITED NATIONS

Branded

To the bitter end, India's Sir Benegal Rau deplored the U.S. resolution branding Communist China an aggressor in Korea. It would take the world, he warned the U.N. General Assembly, down the road to disaster. It would mean: "No early cease-fire, every problem in the Far East unsolved, the atmosphere for successful negotiation vitiated, the tensions in the Far East perpetuated."

The Philippines' General Carlos Romulo gave a firm reply: "We shall vote in favor of this resolution . . . It is based on the recognition, not the avoidance, of truth, and on the affirmation, not the denial, of right principles."

Two months of U.N. hesitation and equivocation at last came to an end. By 44 to 7, with 9 abstentions, the Assembly approved the U.S. resolution naming Red China an aggressor. The roll call:

For the U.S. resolution: Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Denmark, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Ethiopia, France, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Iceland, Iran, Iraq, Israel, Lebanon, Liberia, Luxembourg, Mexico, The Netherlands, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Norway, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the Philippines, Thailand, Turkey, Union of South Africa, United Kingdom, United States, Uruguay, Venezuela.

Against: Burma, Byelorussia, Czechoslovakia, India, Poland, the Ukraine, Soviet Union.

Abstentions: Afghanistan, Egypt, Indonesia, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, Sweden, Syria, Yemen, Yugoslavia.

WAR IN ASIA

THE AIR WAR

Night into Day

"Boy, those Chinks are taking off from that hill. Swell work! Come on back any time, and thanks a lot."

Such messages, from U.S. ground controllers to tactical airplane pilots, are routine in Korea's brief winter daylight. By last week they were being sent in increasing numbers at night. Using air-dropped magnesium flares, of 600,000 to 1,000,000 candlepower, the Air Force was beginning to turn night into day over selected areas of the front lines. The flares brilliantly illuminated vehicle columns, tanks, ammunition and supply dumps, or enemy infantry positions for allied artillery or

Lambert took a ride in a flare plane, an elderly, two-engine relic of World War II. Not long after the coppery Korean sunset had disappeared, the pilot called a ground station: "Hello, Bandbox. Hello, Bandbox. This is Firefly One. Firefly One."

Bandbox answered: "Hello, Firefly One. Hello, Firefly One. We have a target for you. We will mark the area with two volleys of white phosphorus shells. Take a heading north from your present position and look straight ahead."

"Roger," said the pilot. Soon, on the northern horizon, there were two quick orange bursts. "Got it," said Firefly One to Bandbox. "Saw 'em both."

Firefly One's crew dropped the flares through three-foot metal tubes, ripping



NAPALM IN ACTION

Department of Defense—International

"Come on back any time, and thanks a lot."

night-flying B-26 Invaders armed with machine guns, bombs, rockets and napalm.* The nights which the enemy had comfortably used for resupply, regrouping, attack and infiltration were gradually being taken away from him.

Last week TIME Correspondent Tom

* Napalm is gasoline chemically thickened or "jellied" so that it will spread over the ground while burning. Instead of going up in an instantaneous whoosh, as ordinary gasoline would. The first satisfactory thickener found during experiments in World War II was a mixture of aluminum naphthenate and certain fatty compounds. In Korea, napalm is carried under the wings of Air Force, Navy and Marine tactical planes, in containers of 100 or 150 gallons, and is set off (when the containers hit the ground) by white phosphorus igniters. A napalm bomb can cover up to half an acre with fire burning at 1,000° F. U.S. airmen and G.I.s love it: there is plenty of evidence that the Reds hate and fear it more than any other weapon in the U.S. ground-support arsenal.

off a strip of white webbing that ignited each flare and opened its parachute. Suddenly the valley below, surrounded by paddy fields striding up sharp-shadowed mountains, leaped into garish light. Bandbox identified the target—an east-west ridge with a saddle in the middle—and Firefly called down an Invader. The Invader pilot, however, could not find the target ridge. "Okay, boy," said Firefly, "I'll turn on my landing lights and point 'em at it."

He flipped a switch, and a beam of strong light bore down through the flare-light. "Roger, Firefly, Roger," said the Invader pilot. He dived through winking flashes of small-arms fire and dropped two tanks of napalm on the hill, which burst into flame. "That's good, that's good, Firefly," exulted Bandbox. "That's right in there. Give 'em a few more."

When all of Firefly One's flares were gone, another plane, Firefly Two, came up and took over the night-into-day patrol.

THE ALLIES

Any More?

Forty of the United Nations have offered money, men or supplies for the U.N. war effort in Korea. Only 14 countries, besides the U.S., have thus far furnished any military assistance. Last week U.N. forces in Korea included contingents from the United Kingdom, France, Australia, Belgium, Luxembourg, The Netherlands, New Zealand, Greece, the Philippines, Siam, Canada, Colombia, South Africa, Turkey.* These units totaled approximately 35,000 men.

Belgian infantrymen were the most recent arrivals. Last Wednesday Korean Premier John M. Chang went down to the docks in Pusan to welcome a 650-man Belgian battalion. With it came 50 volunteers from Luxembourg.

The preceding week a battalion of crack Greek troops, all veterans of guerrilla fighting in their own country, finally got a firsthand look at Asiatic warfare. The Greeks, who went into battle singing, were not impressed. Northeast of Suwon 200 of them stood off a 45-minute attack by 3,000 Chinese Communists. Snapped Sergeant Basilakis Nikolous, who was slightly wounded, "They came at us like wild beasts, and we just cut them down as they came."

Twelve miles north of Yaju, the French battalion, fighting together with a U.S. regiment, smashed a desperate Chinese attempt to outflank their position. After taking 3,600 casualties, the broken attackers retreated to the north.

At Miryang, far behind the lines, the 2nd Battalion of Canada's famed regiment, the Princess Pats, still training, was spoiling for a fight.

British gunners lobbed 25-pounder shells on enemy positions near Seoul in a round-the-clock bombardment. In London the government announced army & navy losses in the Korean war: 139 killed, 416 wounded, 258 missing.

Other contributions were still trickling in. A battalion from Colombia will be ready in March. A company of 63 Cubans is preparing for embarkation. Currently being trained and equipped for Korea: 1,069 Ethiopian infantrymen.

MEN AT WAR

The Lost Art

Americans did not invent the art of guerrilla war, but they were once very good at it. U.S. military history is studded with great guerrilla names—General Francis Marion ("the Swamp Fox"), who fought hit & run campaigns in the Carolinas and Georgia in the American Revolution.

* 17,500 British troops (10,500 of them Gurkhas) were hunting Communist guerrillas in Malaya. A French Union army of 150,000 (including 20,000 Frenchmen) carried on the fight against the Reds in Indo-China.

lution; Captain John Mosby, Confederate raider in Virginia and Maryland; General John Hunt Morgan of Alabama.* In World War I, when mass production and massed firepower became an overriding factor, Americans lost interest in the art of making much of little. In Korea, the U.S. is being forced to rediscover the lost art.

By tradition, training and spirit, the U.S. unit in Korea best equipped for guerrilla-style fighting is the 1st Marine Division (by last week well recovered from the ordeal of its fighting retreat to the sea in December). Recently, the marines have been pitted against the North Korean 10th Division, which had reached the Andong area, only 50 miles north of Taegu.†

Red prisoners said that the 10th had been ordered to seize Taegu after blocking the Andong-Taegu rail & road line. They never came near that ambitious goal.

Through icy streams, eroded hills and ravines, the North Koreans skulked and sniped by day & night. So did the marines. The leathernecks organized "rice patrols"—small raiding parties equipped only with portable weapons and provided with Korean money to buy food from peasants. When these parties encountered small enemy groups, they fought. If the enemy group was large, the marines faded back, brought up reinforcements, then fought.

The Americans were helped by a motley

of whom the South regarded as the "Francis Marion of the Confederacy." Morgan once marched his men 100 miles across the rugged Cumberland Mountains to strike at a federal garrison in Kentucky, destroyed a huge pile of stores.

‡ In Korea, "guerrilla" is a loose term which includes regular Communist army units fighting behind the front lines.



GUERRILLA MORGAN
Over the mountains, to destroy.

assortment of South Koreans—soldiers, militiamen, marines and "task forces" composed of non-uniformed youths wielding carbines, blunderbusses, clubs. This led to a certain amount of confusion. Yet U.S. Marine G-2s estimated last week that the North Korean 10th Division had suffered 5,000 to 7,000 casualties.

THE ENEMY

Human Sea

In point of casualties, the U.S. in Korea is fighting its fourth biggest war (after the Civil War and the two World Wars). In point of knowledge about the enemy, the U.S. is fighting its most unknown adversary. It is a remarkable fact, for instance, that U.S. intelligence is still not sure who commands the Chinese troops pitted against the U.N. forces.

In two months of battle experience, U.S. evaluation of the Chinese enemy has fluctuated widely. At first the Chinese seemed to burst from their Manchurian "sanctuary" like a limitless, indoctrinated, irresistible horde. Gradually they slowed down, passed from advance to a stubborn holding action. Weaknesses became more apparent: deficiencies in air power, tanks and heavy artillery; primitive supply lines, relying in part upon ox carts and manback; pitiful lack of medical care.

In broad outline, the shape of China's Red army has become familiar to Pentagon observers and others. Altogether, Communist armed forces number about 5,000,000. More than 2,000,000 men serve in the regular army; the remainder are local militia and auxiliary troops.

The **First Field Army** (about 280,000) garrisons China's northwest, stretching from Kansu province to the distant Sinkiang border of Russian Kazakhstan. Its boss is wily General Peng Teh-huai. A politician as well as soldier, Peng is also deputy to Chu Teh, the Red army's commander in chief; he and Chu are the only generals on the five-man secretariat that administers the Chinese Communist Party machine.

The **Second Field Army** (about 420,000) holds the south and southwest. Under one-eyed General Liu Po-cheng, parts of it recently marched into Tibet and are lending aid to the Indo-Chinese Reds against the French. Liu trained for his profession at the Red Army Academy in Moscow, once fought with the Red Russians against Manchurian Warlord Chang Tso-lin, led the vanguard of the epic Long March from central China to Yenan in 1934-35, rates as one of the army's boldest tacticians.

The **Third Field Army** (about 620,000) now seems mostly stationed in North China, and especially on the strategic Shantung Peninsula. Its commander is the redoubtable Chen Yi, conqueror of Nanking and Shanghai, a warrior-poet who is now mayor of Shanghai. After V-J day, from his lair in Shantung, he kept the Nanking government cut off from its great northern cities. Rumors



LIN PIAO
Out of sight, to confuse.

have reached the U.S. that Chen Yi would like to sell out.

The **Fourth Field Army** (about 800,000) was Red China's best up to the time of the Korean war. Organized with Russian help in Manchuria after the Japanese defeat, it was led by General Lin Piao, the Communists' top military theoretician and a zealous party doctrinaire. While most of his fellow commanders are of peasant stock, Lin comes from China's bourgeoisie; his family ran a small textile mill in Hupei province. Lin got his early military training at Whampoa Academy, the Nationalist school set up with Soviet Russian help in the 1920s. One of his instructors was Chiang Kai-shek. Between 1947 and 1949, Lin led his new Manchurian army southward to crush Chiang's forces at Mukden, Peking and Tientsin.

Most of the Chinese troops now in Korea, or backing up in Manchuria, come from the Fourth and Third Field Armies.

How Expendable? The Red army's biggest asset, so far, has been its expendable manpower. On the Korean front, U.N. troops have had more than one bloody taste of the so-called "human sea" attack, in which wave after wave of Chinese Communists advanced into murderous fire.

But it is misleading to speak of "the bottomless well of Chinese manpower." Military manpower is always limited by what the economy of a country can support, and by the number of trained cadres available. It seems certain that in Korea the Chinese Communists have already lost some of their finest units, perhaps the flower of Lin Piao's Fourth Field Army. Such losses in turn cut down the number of battle-seasoned instructors for new cadres, and weaken the morale on the front. China's Red army is big, formidable, but also in many respects primitive and vulnerable.

FOREIGN NEWS

HONG KONG

Keep Right On Sitting

The Crown Colony of Hong Kong was founded in 1841 as a base for Britain's opium trade with China. It outgrew its sinister origin, to become an outpost of British comfort, respectability and sound business methods. The British merchant princes who owned Hong Kong tended their beautiful, peaked island as carefully as a well-hedged Surrey garden, determinedly insulating it from the turbulent realities of Asia.

Long after the Communists captured China, Hong Kong's traders argued that their island's value as the East's greatest trading center immunized it against aggression. Hanging out the "business as usual" sign, they continued to do a flourishing trade with Red China. In recent months the U.S. embargo on China-bound exports threatened to curtail their prosperity.

Last week TIME Correspondent Dwight Martin visited Hong Kong, to see how the crown colony was faring. He cabled:

A BRIGHT winter sun shone down on the sparkling blue waters of Hong Kong's incomparable harbor. Commuters on the tidy little ferries that link Victoria Island with the mainland saw spread before them on the waterfront most of the great commercial names of the Orient—Jardine, Matheson & Co., Butterfield & Swire, the East Asiatic Co. Dominating the closely packed warehouses and office buildings rose the massive square tower and the bronze lions of the Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corp.

A Cheerful Patient. From high above, on the Peak, the white façades of California-style apartment houses and the frescoed mansions of wealthy traders looked down on the colony's business section. Hong Kong's polyglot population—Chinese, Britons, Americans, Eurasians and White Russians—swirled along the narrow, arched sidewalks, pausing at the intersections to thread their way through a steady stream of Citroëns and Chevrolets, Buicks and Bentleys.

Hong Kong's shops and department stores were bursting with the goods of East & West. In a space of 20 yards on Queen's Road a shopper could have his choice of a Cantonese pressed duck, a London-made Burberry topcoat or a large Chinese Communist flag. The abaci of the money-changers clicked steadily. Passports to European countries were selling for as high as \$8,000 apiece. On nearby Ice House Street the firm of Lo & Lo, Solicitors, reported a thriving business.

The colony's 9,500 British remained comfortable and undisturbed. Weekends the bay fluttered with the sails of the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club's racers. Workaday officials calmly planned home leaves a year in advance.

The breath of Mayfair hung over the

Gripps, as the courtly dining room of the Hong Kong Hotel is called. In the Gripps, both British and Chinese scrupulously dressed for dinner. A few blocks away, the steep streets of the Chinese quarter rang with the click-clack of wooden clogs and the incessant rattle and shuffle of mah-jongg pieces.

Visitors to Hong Kong, expecting the tension of a beleaguered city, were surprised at how relaxed it was. Over tea in the dusty ornate Peninsula Hotel, a vacationing U.S. physician from Tokyo marveled: "I never saw a patient quite so cheerfully resigned to dying."

Oldtimers deprecated such a drastic diagnosis. In his penthouse suite atop the Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corp.



Henri Cartier-Bresson—Magnum
HONG KONG MONEYMAN
He damns imperiously.

building, Chief Manager Sir Arthur Morse, a dynamic, silvery-haired Irishman, said imperiously: "We've been sitting on top of a volcano out here for more than 100 years already. And we damned well propose to keep right on sitting—until it really blows up. Look about you, look about you; do you see any signs of jitters?"

Things looked normal enough at the border railroad station of Lowu, where Hong Kong transships its imports to Communist China. Red-capped coolies unloaded copper wire from Europe, office supplies from the U.S., military truck tires from Japan, and natural rubber from Malaya. From the Chinese side of the border, past unsmiling Communist frontier guards, coolies carried the mainland food which the colony gets in return.

The U.S. embargo, however, had begun to take its toll. Traders whose godowns were crammed with U.S. goods when the embargo went into effect have no way of replenishing their stocks. Cut off from

25% of their former imports, the colony's businessmen worry about satisfying their demanding Red Chinese customers. If the customers grew angry, their armies could overrun Hong Kong in a few days.

This Fair Place. The British government of Hong Kong, for its part, spared no effort to conciliate the Communists. The influential pro-Communist dailies *Ta Kung Pao* and *Wen Wei Pao* print violent, Peking-inspired attacks on the U.S. and the U.N. without interference. One of the few U.S. efforts at counter-propaganda, a 15-minute daily Voice of America broadcast, was recently dropped by the Hong Kong radio.

Chinese Communists characteristically ignored this latest gesture of appeasement. Last weekend, while British officials were lunching in the members' boxes at the Happy Valley race track, Red troops emplaced a new battery of 105-mm. howitzers on the Wanshan Islands 30 miles southwest of Hong Kong. The government of the neighboring Kwangtung Province announced a fresh set of security regulations intended to check the flow of mainland travelers into the colony. Within Hong Kong, Chinese exiles trembled for their last refuge. Said a bookkeeper from Shanghai: "Here is where we finally become Communists."

Only a few Hong Kong residents, undecieved by the appearance of normality, admitted their concern. Said one Briton, looking down from his Peak apartment at one of the loveliest views in the Orient: "We all know that some day we shall lose this fair, imperial place. And sometimes I think it would be better to throw it in their bloody teeth now, rather than to give it up inch by inch. But I know we'll never do it."

GREAT BRITAIN

"The Bug Is Boss"

Sixty-four influenza-stricken M.P.s (35 Laborites, 29 Tories) got out of bed one day last week, went to the House of Commons, cast their votes. When the sneezing died down, the government had defeated, by 300 votes to 289, another Conservative attempt to topple it. The issue: a Tory motion censuring the government for Britain's critical coal shortage.

Headlined London's *Daily Express*: THE BUG IS BOSS. It said, "The influenza bug . . . can unseat the government any day . . . Government by influenza is the latest phase of a year in which Mr. Attlee has hung on to power by six votes."

A greater threat to the government than influenza is an increasing public swing to the right. The latest British Gallup poll showed last week that the government has the backing of only 38% of the electorate, compared to 43% two months ago and 46% four months ago. Tory support has increased from 44% four months ago to 51%. One reason for the anti-Labor trend: enforced vegetarianism.



TOM FITZWILLIAM
A father in The Blues.

Toby or Tom?

Queen Victoria had strong views about almost everything—especially actresses. She once said: "Any gentleman wishing to become an officer in my Household troops will not be eligible if he marries a woman on the stage." George Charles Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, a 29-year-old militia officer who wanted a commission in The Blues, thus hesitated to wed pretty Actress Eva Raines.

In 1886 George and Eva got married in Scotland without benefit of clergy, "by mutual exchange [of vows] and consent." Such a marriage was valid under Scots law. Two years later, just to make sure, George and Eva were married again in a quiet ceremony in London. Seven months before, Eva had given birth to a son. By this time George was an officer in The Blues. The regiment heard about the second wedding, and bounced him in.

Last week Eva's first-born, George James Charles Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, 63, known as Toby, appeared before Justice Pilcher in London's High Court to claim that his birth was legitimate. Toby asked to be legally recognized as the elder brother of Eva's second son, Captain William Thomas George Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, 46, known as Tom. Tom is recognized as the present heir to the ancient earldom of Fitzwilliam, its \$2,000,000 estate and the largest private mansion (365 rooms) in England. Why had Toby waited so long? Neither he nor Tom had a chance for succession until two years ago when the eighth earl was killed in an air crash. The ninth earl is 67 and childless, and Toby (if legitimate) is his lawful heir.

This week, as their lawyers droned on, Toby and Tom came to court almost identically dressed in bowler hats, stiff collars, maroon ties. Each denied any animosity toward the other; it was just a family matter that the law should clarify.

FRANCE

I Kiss Your Hand, Madame

Since August, when a picture of General MacArthur kissing the gloved hand of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek was published in Paris, France has been agitated over the problem: Should a gentleman kiss a gloved hand? The fact that General MacArthur was shown wearing his hat and grasping a pipe in his left hand added to the confusion.

Last week in *Paris Match*, France's foremost authority on manners delivered his verdict. Said the Duc de Lévis Mirepoix, 66, eminent historian of France's religious wars, Chevalier of the *Légion d'Honneur*, member of the Jockey Club, and co-author of a 1937 book, *La Politesse, Son Rôle, Ses Usages*: "No rule forbids kissing of a gloved hand."

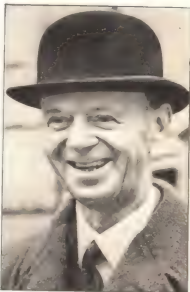
Hand-kissing in France, says the duke, "has always been considered optional, except in the case of royal princesses. But it is a custom which obeys fashion. Today it is back in fashion. It is *à la mode*." The duke offers this advice: "Best usage requires that the practitioner not lift up the offered hand towards himself, but incline himself over the hand, lightly brushing it with his lips. It is a mark of respect which one should address only to a married woman. It is rather difficult to execute and is not recommended in the street. In the *salon*, it is advisable to reserve the gesture only for the mistress of the house. Repeated hand-kissing . . . can rapidly become rather comical."

"The laws of politeness," says the duke, "are not codified. They change with the conditions of existence." A tank commander would be ridiculous if he addressed his men in the manner of the cavaliers, "Secure your hats, gentlemen, we are going to have the honor of charging."

Politeness, the duke concludes, provides the oil that makes the social wheels go round. "But . . . if someone treats you rudely, don't tell him, 'Be polite.' Show him how polite you can be—but with insolence. Insolence is not impoliteness."



MACARTHUR & MME. CHIANG
Back in fashion.



TOBY FITZWILLIAM
A mother on the stage.

Mediterranean Cruise

The *Palizzi* is a little freighter on the Black Sea-Mediterranean run. A fortnight ago, two weeks out from the port of Burgas in Communist Bulgaria, the *Palizzi* tied up at Marseille, began discharging cargo. French customs men let the cargo lie on the dock for three days. Then uniformed officers of the *Sûreté Nationale* (French security police) stamped up the *Palizzi* gangway, questioned the captain. Had he found any stowaways aboard this trip? No, said the captain. Come along, said the *Sûreté*, we're going to open up some of your cargo.

On the dock a *Sûreté* officer pointed to a large crate, ordered dockers to break it open. Inside the crate was an old grey Ford automobile. Inside the Ford, smiling and blinking away tears caused by the sunlight, sat an emaciated man with a long beard.

Dockers and customs men watched while a civilian who had come with the *Sûreté* officers helped the bearded man to climb out of the Ford. They noted that the stowaway spoke Bulgarian to the civilian, Italian to the ship's captain, French to the police. They heard him say: "M. — was to have come, too, but at the last moment he could not." Then police whisked him away in an automobile. The crowd looked over the crate Ford. It was full of opened food cans and empty water bottles.

The *Palizzi*'s sailors told what they knew. The crate had been nailed up in Sofia 40 days earlier. It had been taken by train to Burgas, where it had lain on the dock for many days. Said one sailor: "The man inside was lucky, for usually such crates are opened by the Burgas customs." The crate had been stowed away in the hold of the *Palizzi*. Steamed through the Bosphorus to Istanbul, Smyrna and Genoa.

where arrangements had been made to fumigate the hold. Said a sailor later: "It's a lucky thing the ship was late—too late for the fumigation. Otherwise the stowaway would have been dead."

Marseille police reporters soon had a story fleshed out. The man's name was Doncho Christov, once a top civil servant in King Boris' government of Bulgaria. Christov had stayed on in Sofia after the Communists took over. But when things had got too hot for him, he had climbed into his old Ford and taken off. A message to Paris announcing his coming had been delayed. When it finally arrived, officers of the *Services de Documentation et de Contre-Espionnage* had wired the local *Sûreté* to take care of him.

Europe in 1951 was a place where people regarded it as normal that the police gave a respectful welcome to a man who had traveled 40 days in a crate.

GERMANY

Reprieve

At 9 o'clock on a foggy morning last week, the door of Landsberg Prison, where the U.S. holds some 500 German war criminals, swung open. Out came 29 men in rough-fitting ski pants, blue or grey jackets, no ties. They blinked at the waiting crowds. Berthold Krupp rushed up to older brother Alfred, heir to the bomb-shattered steel and munitions empire (only branch producing: the locomotive works), thrust a bouquet of daffodils and tulips into his hands. The two rode off in a black sedan to a champagne breakfast at Landsberg's best hotel.

Said 43-year-old Alfred, head of the Krupp dynasty that had armed Germany in three wars: "I hope it will never be necessary to produce arms again."

Krupp's reprieve roused wide Allied ap-

prehension. The *Paris-Presse* saw "all that the French detest in Germany—the Prussian spirit, pan-Germanism, militarism, industrial dumping—" walking abroad again.

In freeing Alfred Krupp (who had been condemned to twelve years' imprisonment as a war criminal), and reviewing the sentences of 100 others, U.S. High Commissioner John McCloy and U.S. commander in Europe General Thomas Handy relied on the findings of an advisory board* on clemency. McCloy commuted to varying terms of imprisonment the sentences of 21 others who wore red jackets—Landsberg's garb for men who are condemned to death.

Only seven men in Landsberg still wore the red jacket; they would hang within a week.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Gone?

The names were still there. The apartment door bore the wife's name, Lida Clementisova, while the directory in the lobby listed the name of the husband, Vladimir Clementis. Clementis was Foreign Minister, following the defenestrated Jan Masaryk, until he was ousted himself (TIME, March 27, 1950) for "losing faith in Stalin."

Clementis and his wife had not been seen at their home all last week. Nor had he appeared at his job as head of the securities section of the state bank. In Prague, one question was on everyone's lips: had longtime (30 years) Party Member Clementis fled to the West?

* Its members: the Hon. David W. Peck, presiding justice, appellate division, New York Supreme Court, chairman; Commissioner Frederick A. Moran, chairman, New York Board of Parole; Brigadier General Conrad E. Snow, assistant legal adviser, Department of State.

RUSSIA

Moskvich

Russia has moved in on the low-priced car market in Western Europe. Her Moskvich was a big hit at the Brussels auto show. A four-cylinder four-seater, its radiator cap flaunting a red star, the Moskvich sold fast at \$978, much the cheapest car at the show. For this *quo*, plus some grain and minerals, Russia's *quid*, under a trade treaty with Belgium, included sheet steel, copper, electrical equipment, and \$150,000 worth of herring.

Broad Target

Inside the Soviet Union, anti-U.S. propaganda has suddenly broadened. Formerly Russian attacks were focused on "Wall Street imperialists" and "ruling circles." Now the whole U.S. seems to be the target.

A new tailor-made history of the Western allies' intervention in Russia after the 1917 Bolshevik revolution is shrilled on the radio—"Our people will never forget [these] bloody crimes!" Also World War II is being rethought in the press: the U.S. has been Russia's enemy "invariably" since 1917, and it plotted to "bleed Russia white" during 1941-45—"The U.S. is as implacable in its enmity of the Soviet Union as Hitlerite Germany!"

This week *Pravda*, denouncing "new [war] adventures organized by the U.S. aggressors," added a steely threat: "The American people will pay for these with their blood."

ITALY

The Exploding Boots

The ladies liked Lieut. Gualtiero Gualtierotti, a handsome cavalryman with a toothbrush mustache and a roving eye. Behind his jingling spurs he left a trail of broken hearts. One day in 1936 a pair of black riding boots was delivered to his apartment in Rome. Said an accompanying note, written in a feminine hand: "To Rome's best pair of legs, from an admirer."

In vain Gualtierotti tried to discover who had sent the boots. He was still puzzling three months later when he was promoted to captain and transferred to another regiment in Brescia, 275 miles away. There, for the first time, he pulled on his shiny new boots and marched off to report to his commanding officer. The interview was brief, Gualtierotti sprang to attention, clicked his heels, and was blown to bits.

For 14 years Italian police sought to discover who had sent Gualtierotti a pair of boots with nitroglycerin concealed in the hollowed-out heels. Last week police had their murderer—Gualtierotti's cousin, Pier Luigi Tamburlani. Tamburlani confessed after a Rome bootmaker, interviewed by police about another case, recalled making a pair of hollow-heeled boots for Tamburlani in late 1936. Tamburlani told the bootmaker that the heels had to be hollow because the boots were intended for an official who needed a hiding place for secret documents.

Motive for the crime: revenge. Tam-



ALFRED & BERTHOLD KRUPP
Champagne and tulips.

Associated Press



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burlani blew up Gualtierotti because the heel-clicking captain had seduced Tamburlani's fiancée, then cast her off. The girl killed herself.

The Heretics

"If there are more Communists in Reggio Emilia than in the whole of England, it is all due to Valdo Magnani." That was how the comrades of the Red Belt felt about the up & coming secretary of their best-organized provincial federation.⁹

Slight, sallow Valdo Magnani, 38, college-trained in economics and philosophy, had joined the party in 1936, fought in Fascist Italy's army (as an artillery captain) until Mussolini's downfall, then switched to the partisan anti-Fascist forces. In 1946 he emerged as Reggio Emilia's ace Communist organizer. Militant, tireless, persuasive, he gained 10,000 new party members for his province in the past two years, a time of dwindling ranks for Italian Communism in general. In 1948 he was handily elected to the national Chamber of Deputies.

Valdo Magnani's closest friend was his fellow deputy from Bologna, Aldo Cuccchi, in private life a surgeon who also specialized in studies of hemp workers' diseases. Cuccchi had led an Italian partisan unit against the Nazis and Fascists, won his country's highest gold medal for bravery. In the Chamber of Deputies, he acted as a bodyguard for Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti.

At different times in the past year or so, Friends Valdo and Aldo paid visits to Russia and to satellite Soviet East Europe. Both were disturbed by what they saw. Confided Cuccchi: "That country doesn't interest me half as much as it used to." Agreed Magnani: "My honesty has been too much exploited. Between what I saw in Poland and what I have been told in the Communist propaganda sheets, there is an abyss."

Yawns to Shock. Late last month the doubts erupted dramatically in public. Before a party provincial congress, Magnani made a routine report. As delegates yawned and prepared to recess, Magnani said: "Now I want to talk to you as comrade to comrade . . ."

"It is the duty of Italian Communists to defend the sacred ground of the fatherland from any aggression, no matter whence it comes . . . Russia must be looked at with a liking by all Marxists, but at the same time must be considered a nation like all the others . . ."

Yawns swiftly changed to gaping shock. Magnani had blatantly voiced the heresy known as national deviation, or Titoism. Party bigwigs huddled in an emergency meeting, summoned Magnani, demanded his retraction. The dean of Italy's Communist Senators, Umberto Terracini, who himself had once been suspected of deviation, gave Valdo Magnani a confidential



VALDO

The comrades were horribly shocked.

caution: "A few years ago, I too wanted to hit against the steel wall, but I broke my fist and it still hurts."

Fear to Defiance. But Magnani still wanted to hammer on the steel wall. He told his family: "If you hear that I have committed suicide, don't believe it." His old friend Aldo Cuccchi joined him in heresy. In Rome, the two declined to see the party fathers. Instead, they resigned as Communists and as Deputies. Said Cuccchi: "In the Italian Communist Party, there is no freedom to express one's own opinion . . ." Said Magnani: "I can no longer remain representative of a party which does not share my views." Last week they issued a joint call to all comrades:



ALDO

Italian politics went all agog.

"Communists must unconditionally . . . declare themselves against any aggression."

The Chamber of Deputies, by an overwhelming vote, rejected the Deputies' resignation. The Red vilification apparatus clawed at the heretics: They were "traitors . . . automatically expelled." They were trying to smear "the patriotic and peace-defending line of the Communist Party in order to slander the Soviet Union." Party goons threatened Magnani and Cuccchi on a train from Rome. Anti-Communist groups gleefully plastered up slogans: "Magnani and Cuccchi Chose Italy."

Crack to Chasm? For this week the party ordered Reggio Emilia's Red-run labor unions to go out on a 24-hour "anti-traitors general strike." When support for the strike appeared dubious, it was postponed. The party organ, *Unità*, cried: "For every two traitors who leave, 2,000 new members join."

It sounded more than a bit like whistling in an unplumbed dark. Magnani and Cuccchi were symptoms of party dissension, which is still largely subsurface. They were a crack that could become a chasm, with effects of unforeseeable consequence. The two heretics, it was said, would next issue a manifesto for an independent Italian Communist Party. Already, in the heart of the country's Red Belt, they had adherents. On Reggio Emilia's grey-stone walks were chalked: "Long live Valdo and Aldo!"

THE PHILIPPINES

Habeas Corpus

The better to fight Communist-led Huk rebels, President Quirino last October ordered a nationwide suspension of the writ of habeas corpus.¹⁰ After three months, it looked as if the suspension was being used less to ferret out Communists than to intimidate Quirino critics.

The latest series of arrests without warrant brought more publicity than the government bargained for. On Jan. 27 military intelligence arrested 26 persons presumably for complicity with the Huks. They included booksellers, labor leaders, a movie producer and eight well-known Manila newspapermen. Two biggest fish among the arrested newsmen: José Langsang, executive editor of Manila's *Philippines Herald*, and the Manila Times's star police reporter, Mucario Vincencio, who has written several articles exposing graft.

After holding the suspects incommunicado for several days, the government wordlessly released all but three *Herald* reporters. Said Suspect Langsang, a trifle nervously: "I was treated very well . . ."

Last week leaders of the Philippine Congress announced that they would fight suspension of the writ of habeas corpus. Quirino's government thereupon announced that the writ would be operative in 15 of the republic's 51 provinces, where "the condition of peace and order is relatively normal."

⁹ Reggio Emilia in northeastern Italy (pop. 400,000) has 67,000 dues-paying Communists, where all Britain (pop. 49 million) has only 20,000.

¹⁰ A cornerstone of civilization derived from Britain via the U.S.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Ginger & Flying Fur

Last week, in the most important shift of Canadian top military brass since World War II, Lieut. General Guy G. Simonds, 47, was named Army Chief of Staff. Simonds, outspoken head of the National Defense and Army Staff Colleges (TIME, Jan. 29), replaces Lieut. General Charles Foulkes, Canada's chief military spokesman at North Atlantic pact meetings. Foulkes was appointed as 1-time chairman of the Chief of Staffs Committee—an assignment comparable to that held in the U.S. by General Omar Bradley.

Getting the under-strength Canadian army into something approaching combat readiness will be a tough job, but Simonds was rated Canada's top field commander in World War II. Tory Leader George Drew called it "the best appointment this government has made in months." Said the *Montreal Gazette's* Arthur Blakeley: "General Simonds is no soldier-politician. He doesn't understand the art of pussyfooting . . . The fur (and dust) can be expected to fly."

It will take fur-flying action to instill the ginger and combat spirit that troops need at a time when the Princess Pats are moving into their first Korean action (see WAR IN ASIA), and plans are under way to fit some 6,000 Canadian soldiers into U.S. formations under General Eisenhower's command in Germany. Simonds must also continue to speed up the recruiting drive and put some spark into the halfhearted reserve program.

Another urgent problem is to carry out last year's decision to switch from British to U.S. arms. As fast as her present Brit-



National Defense Photo

ARMY BOSS SIMONDS

He doesn't understand pussyfooting.

ish-type equipment can be turned over to West European troops, Canada is replacing it with U.S. arms. Five thousand M-1 Garand rifles arrived recently to replace 3,033 Enfield rifles with which the Canadians helped outfit a Netherlands infantry division in December. Last week, at Eisenhower's request, a Luxembourg field artillery regiment was being supplied with two dozen 25-pounders; 105-mm. howitzers will take their place. When standardization is complete, Canadian and U.S. armies will be able to draw from a single supply source in the field.

Complacency Popular

At the opening of Canada's Parliament last week, the Tories took a searching look at the government's program for 1951, noted the absence of concrete plans for expanding the nation's armed forces, and straightaway opened fire.

Said Tory Leader George Drew: "There is no sense of that urgency which is in keeping with the nature of the emergency . . . This is a war which has already cost the United States more than 55,000 casualties." Said Tory George Hees, a World War II army officer: "The target in the United States for the end of June this year is to have 3,500,000 men under arms. Our ceiling is 60,000. Therefore, their target is 50 times that of Canada, instead of eleven times, as it should be in proportion to population."

But the Tories themselves did not meet the issue head-on. They avoided any call for conscription, the only real way to boost the Canadian forces much higher than 60,000. Though Canada is the only major power of the North Atlantic alliance without a draft law, the Tories recognized that there is little active sentiment for conscription (chief support has come from the Canadian Legion and some newspapers). They also made their timid obeisance to the traditional isolationism of French Catholic Quebec, which bitterly opposes the draft even when the enemy in sight is the enemy of its faith.

Unimpressed by the Tories, Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent suavely made his case for a painless policy. He argued that conscription now might drain men off from what he said is Canada's primary defense mission—production of arms and munitions for herself and her allies. Europe, he said, can provide soldiers more efficiently than Canada, but nobody could surpass Canadian industrial efficiency.

St. Laurent was probably keyed to the Canadian mood. A Gallup poll reported last week that 45% of all Canadians had never heard of the cold war.

Political Bridge

Just before 3 o'clock one frosty morning last week, Taximan Benoit Lefebvre, with two passengers in his cab, was wheeling briskly across the steel and concrete bridge over the frozen St. Maurice River between Three Rivers and Cap de la Madeleine. The bridge was the Pont Duplessis. Ever since 1946, when Quebec Premier Maurice Duplessis awarded the \$3,000,000 bridge contract without any public call for bids, it had been a political issue in the province. Duplessis' opponents said it was built with graft, loudly called attention to the cracks in its concrete. Duplessis confidently answered that it was as "strong and straight" as his Union Nationale government.

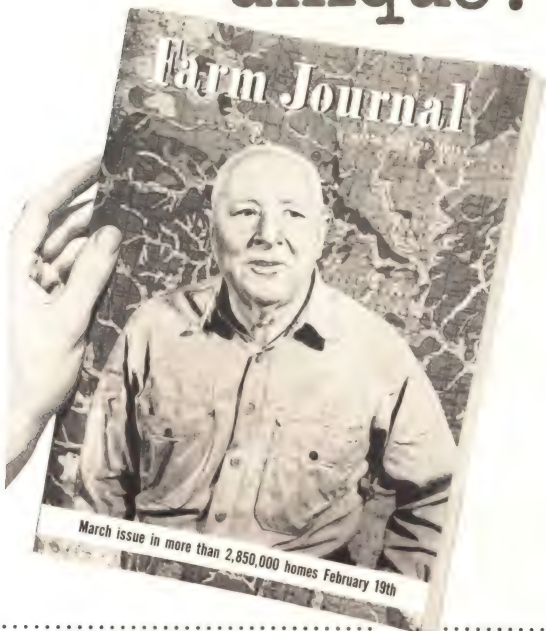
"Suddenly my car started to jump like a deer," said Taximan Lefebvre. "I saw a wave of snowy pavement roll toward



Dwight E. Osolin

PONT DUPLESSIS AT THREE RIVERS
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The Key Body-BUILDER. Long known as the life-giving substance in foods, the building blocks for growth, strength, and stamina, protein has only recently come into its own.

Government authorities rub hands over this, but bewail the fact that Americans still don't get enough protein at one meal, breakfast. A new protein cereal from Kellogg's of Battle Creek can supply this lack. No other well-known cereal, hot or cold, is so rich in protein as Kellogg's Corn-Soya. One bowlful with 4 ounces of milk or cream supplies the following percentages of the entire day's protein needs:

Average Man (154 lbs.)	13.36%
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More Body-Building Protein
than any other well-known cereal, hot or cold

By supplying extra protein when it is most needed (at breakfast), Kellogg's Corn-Soya may be part of the answer to an even higher standard of American growth and well-being. For the cereal is already widely popular solely because of its extremely pleasing taste.

**Kellogg's
CORN SOYA**

New Protein Cereal that
helps you have a fine body



MAR DEL PLATA CASINO

A Graf Spee veteran heads the hottest syndicate.

me." The car appeared to strike the side of the bridge and then fell into space.

When Lefebvre and the others scrambled out of the half-submerged car, they realized what had happened. Three spans of the 2,020-ft. bridge had collapsed and crashed through the ice. Before traffic could be stopped, three more cars plunged over the edge of the broken bridge. Rescue workers slid a toboggan across the ice to help Lefebvre and his customers. But nothing could be done for the four people in the other cars. They were trapped and dead, 40 ft. down in the icy black river.

ARGENTINA

Bank Breakers

Although the huge, government-owned casino at fashionable Mar del Plata is the world's largest, it is just as vulnerable as any other gambling house to that once-in-a-million bogeyman, the little gambler with a system that really works. Last week Mar del Plata had to call in the police to help them get rid of a horrifying 30 steady customers, who seemed to have found the dread formula for winning.

The trouble began four years ago when a certain small-time gambler, identified only as Señor Delgado, took to studying the whims and behavior of roulette wheels in the small casino at nearby Necochea. Recording several thousand consecutive turns of a wheel, he found that eight or nine numbers seemed to turn up more frequently than the others. By playing a pattern of the high-frequency numbers and rechecking his computations, he began to win modestly but consistently.

Percentage & Average. Any roulette wheel can develop a slight imbalance, or an imperceptible rough spot which makes the friction uneven as it turns. This will favor certain numbers, and a player who discovers it may profit briefly. But a properly run casino checks the wheels con-

stantly and changes them from table to table just to guard against such innocent larceny. The astonishing thing in Señor Delgado's case was that despite all normal precautions he kept on winning, in seeming defiance of the laws of percentage and average.

In 1948 he was certain enough of his system to train four assistants and shift operations to Mar del Plata. There the pupils soon shoved the master into the background and formed syndicates of their own. The worried management alerted the croupiers to keep records on the growing number of consistent winners. By last year the losses to the new syndicates were so high that the casino director was fired.

Curly & Johnny. But that did not cure the trouble. The hottest syndicate at Mar del Plata this year was 20 strong, and raked in earnings estimated as high as 6,000,000 pesos. It was headed by a one-time Nazi sailor, nicknamed *El Alemán*, who first came to Argentina in 1935 when the German pocket battleship *Graf Spee* was scuttled after the Battle of the Rio de la Plata. Among the other big money-makers were fruit hucksters, waiters and farmers, who were soon buying Cadillacs, Buicks and beach property. Known only by nicknames such as *El Crespo* (Curly), *El Vasquito* (Little Basque), or *Juanquito* (Johnny), each gang member had his own assigned wheel which he had studied thoroughly. The management routine of shuffling wheels apparently failed because the gamblers knew the wheels so well they could identify them by the tiniest mark or scratch, the faintest off-shade of color in the varnish.

Last week, in desperation, Mar del Plata yelled for help. Although they had broken no law, all known syndicate members were arrested; classified as professional gamblers with bad records and barred permanently from Argentine casinos.



The man who made Russia look so big

His name was Gerardus Mercator and he was Flemish.

He invented a way of making maps that was tremendously important to sailors. A straight line on his map marked the true course between any two points. Before Mercator there was no map that would do this—and today, nearly 400 years later, his system is still used more than any other.

But because the world is a globe, no one can draw it on a flat page, like this one, and keep it accurate in all respects. Something always has to give. Look at the Mercator projection above. The north and south lines of longitude—instead of

meeting at the North Pole as they do on a globe—are parallel. So the farther north a country is, the bigger it is on Mercator's map. That's why Russia, for example, looks so much bigger than it really is.

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PEOPLE

The American Way

In Memphis, **Mme. Paul Reynaud**, wife of the onetime French Premier (now lecturing in the U.S.), praised the glamour and good looks of American kitchen gadgets. The equipment is so beautiful, she said, "I'd probably cook in the living room if I had it."

A Tokyo car dealer had good news for **Hirohito**, who has been making do with a 15-year-old Packard. The Emperor could come right down and pick up his "glorious grey" Cadillac, ordered three years ago. After a trial spin, the delighted owner ordered his imperial crest (a 16-petaled chrysanthemum) put on.

To get into trim for this week's fight with Cuban Heavyweight **Omelio Agromonte**, **Joe Louis** decided to sweat out his training schedule on a Miami beach. Along with him came two faithful fans: **Joe Jr.**, 3, and daughter **Jaqueline**, 8, to play in the sand and watch papa make muscles.

After serving 35 months, former Major General **Bennett E. Meyers**, cashiered from the Army and sentenced to 30 months to five years for wartime contract graft, walked out of the federal reformatory at Lorton, Va. to face another charge. For 1941 he reported a net income of \$3,808.70, but the Government figured it was nearer \$36,307.52.

A reporter ferreting through the Pentagon files found that 50 sons of U.S. Army generals are now fighting in the Korean war. **Lieut. General Alfred Gruenther** has two fighting sons, Major Generals **Thomas F. Hickey** and **Albert C. Smith** each has one. **Lieut. Hobart R. Gay Jr.** is the jet-pilot son of Major General **Hobart R. Gay**, commander of the 1st Cavalry Division in Korea; Captain **Sam Walker** is the son of the late General **Walton H.**



CHARLES F. BLAIR JR. & FAMILY
Hops, records and speed.

Walker. Those who have lost sons in action so far: **Lieut. General Thomas B. Larkin**, Brigadier Generals **David H. Blake**, **John Magruder** and **Robert W. Strong**.

Asked to bring along his guitar when he makes a Lincoln's Birthday broadcast, **Poet Carl Sandburg** said: "I haven't been able to give it the time that I'd like to. If I'd gotten a prison sentence sometime, I might have been good on the guitar."

The Good Book

The rare-book department of Charles Scribner's Sons announced a rare find: a nearly perfect edition of the Bible printed by **Johann Gutenberg** some 500 years ago. Discovered in an English home, the best edition turned up this century brings the

known copies to 46. The last sale of a Gutenberg in the U.S. was in 1926 for \$106,000.

After attending Holy Year ceremonies, **Thomas Cardinal Tien**, 60, Archbishop of Peking and the first Chinese to be elevated to cardinal, arrived in Manhattan on his way to a Cincinnati hospital for treatment of an eye ailment and a heart condition.* With the aid of an interpreter, he told reporters that he was seriously worried about the uncertain future of the 12,000 priests and nuns in Red China, of whom 11,000 are Chinese.

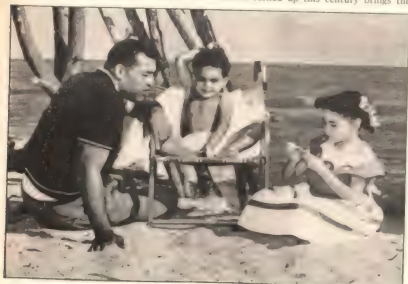
To Texas Newspaper Publisher **Houston** (The San Angelo *Standard-Times*) **Harle** and **Trade Cover Artist Guy Rowe** went a \$5,000 Christopher Award for their text and drawings for the Roman Catholic edition of Old Testament stories, *In Our Image*.

In Chicago, Episcopal Presiding Bishop **Henry Knox Sherrill**, president of the newly formed National Council of Churches, said that a strong, united church cannot be built with "halfhearted Presbyterians, feeble Episcopalians, lapsed Methodists and indifferent Lutherans. We must build on vigor, conviction and enthusiastic purpose . . ."

Said 74-year-old British Theologian **Maude** (*Sex and Common Sense*) **Royden**: "If you want to be a dear old lady at 70, you have to begin early, say about 17."

Public Acclaim

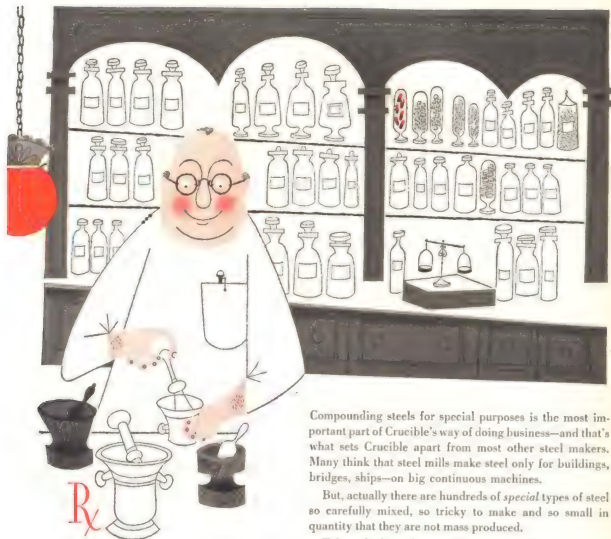
In Washington, Texas' **Samuel Taliaferro Royburn**, starting out on his 3,057th day as Speaker of the House, finally bettered **Henry Clay's** 125-year-old record by half a day. From members of the



JOE LOUIS & CHILDREN IN MIAMI
Muscles, sweat and admiration.

Associated Press

* In London, **Bernard Cardinal Griffin**, 57, ranking Roman Catholic prelate in Britain, took seriously ill, was given the last rites of the church. His death would leave only 30 cardinals of the full roster of 70.



prescriptions filled for special steels

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House came showers of bipartisan praise and congratulations; from President Truman, a symbol of office; a gavel made from the wood of the 1817 wing of the White House.

Holding his converted Mustang fighter at an average speed of 450 m.p.h., **Charles F. Blair Jr.**, 41, chalked up a new New York-to-London speed record: 7 hrs. 48 min. (Previous record: 8 hrs. 55 min.) A veteran Pan American pilot with a record of more than 400 transatlantic crossings, Blair also made a New York-Foynes speed record in 1944 of 14 hrs. 17 min. After his latest hop, he took a passenger plane home in time for a quick visit with his wife Janice and two youngsters, before going back to the controls of his regular New York-London Stratocruiser.

Britain's Fabian Society, the little cove of intellectuals who began back in 1884 to preach the inevitability of socialism without revolution, finally got around to



CARDINAL TIEN

Twelve thousand priests and nuns.

choosing a new president. The choice: Sir Stafford Cripps, now in Switzerland under treatment for a spinal ailment. He succeeds his aunt, the late **Beatrice Webb**, the society's first and only other president, who died in 1943.

Gallup pollsters announced the nation's choice of "most admired men." First by a whopping majority: General **Dwight Eisenhower**. General **Douglas MacArthur**, first choice in 1946-47, won second place. Last year's top man, **Harry Truman**, ran third. Next in order: **Winston Churchill**, **Herbert Hoover**, Senator **Robert A. Taft**, **Bernard Baruch**, **Pope Pius XII**, Dr. **Ralph Bunche**, **Thomas E. Dewey**.

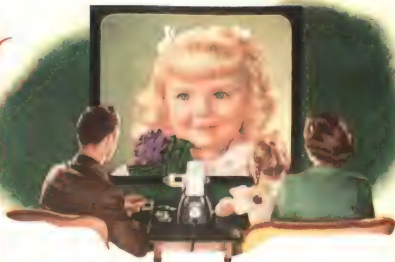
In Manhattan, the Associated American Artists offered "one of tomorrow's most treasured heirlooms... worthy of an honored place in your home or office": ten-inch, bronze-colored reproductions of Sculptor **Jo Davidson's** bust of **Franklin D. Roosevelt**. Price: \$14.50.

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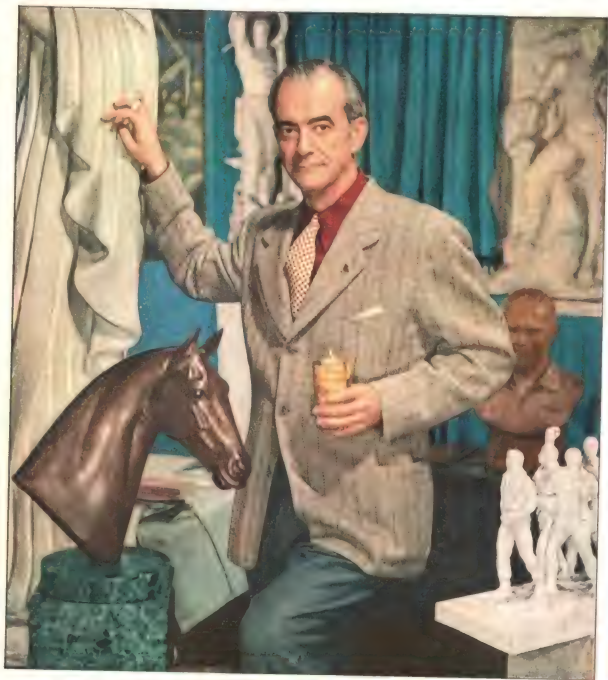
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MR. WHEELER WILLIAMS — distinguished sculptor. Born in Chicago, Wheeler Williams was educated at both Yale and Harvard. His early vanguardist art sculptures resulted in "a hard case of life-size commercialism" — but his later work with his hands, "smaller, more intimate, more carefully executed, that of man brought him fame. Today Mr. Williams' sculptures adorn many of the world's leading museums and are in private collections and homes. His work is represented by the New York, London, Paris, Canada, South Africa, and Switzerland.

MUSIC

Misbehavior at Amsterdam

The musicians of Amsterdam's distinguished old Concertgebouw protested when the orchestra manager picked Paul van Kempen to take the place of their sick-abet regular conductor.

Van Kempen was born Dutch and had been a Concertgebouw first violinist at 17. He had, years later, become conductor of the Dresden Philharmonic and a German citizen. That was not so bad, but Van Kempen conducted in The Netherlands during the occupation, a few times for the benefit of the *Wehrmacht*. Many a Dutchman found it hard to forgive that. The musicians warned that Van Kempen would be "a source of pain." Nevertheless, the Amsterdam town council voted, 21 to 17, to hire him.

At the first concert, some 1,000 young men and maidens milled outside in protest. Inside, as the conductor raised his baton for the Verdi *Requiem*, someone yelled "Down with Van Kempen." Others took it up, added "Sieg Heil" to the chant. Two students began singing the *Horst Wessel* song, two others tossed bottles of tear gas. Police cleared out the troublemakers and the concert went on.

Not so the next night. Expecting trouble, many an older concertgoer gave up his ticket to someone younger and harder. Trouble came swiftly: a woman screamed "Naziknecht" (Nazi tool) when Van Kempen raised his arm, and the old hall became a bedlam of cap pistols, noisemakers, yelling, whistling. Another woman screamed "Shut up!" at the demonstrators. Van Kempen's impresario, sitting next to her, mistook her for a demonstrator and slapped her. "Stop it," she yelled, "you dirty Communist!"

The musicians had had enough. Sixty-

two (of the 85) got up from their chairs, stalked off the stage and went to their dressing room. There, two passed out cold from the excitement. Said the concertmaster: "It was psychologically and physically impossible to do my work." When a vice president demanded they return or resign, not one of the 62 musicians moved.

Back of the musicians' disgruntlement lie two older controversies: 1) management's plan to give a pension to wartime Conductor Willem Mengelberg, who played for the Nazis and now lives in exile (*TIME*, Feb. 28, 1949), and 2) the desire of Socialists to take the orchestra out of private hands and put it entirely in the hands of the city. At week's end, although both sides were talking things over, the distinguished old Concertgebouw was still out of business.

Restoration at Bayreuth

Bayreuth, operatic shrine erected by Richard Wagner to himself, is getting ready for its first wide-open festival since 1939—and this time under the direction of grandsons Wieland Wagner, 33, and Wolfgang Wagner, 31; both sharp-nosed images of *Grossvater*. Last week they had workmen hammering & sawing away on the vast stage of the red brick festival house. By July, brand-new sets will be ready for six operas: *Parsifal*, *Die Meistersinger* and the *Ring*.

Bayreuth can count on plenty of festival fans. There are still purists who consider Wagnerian opera just brassy, pretentious twaddle about supermen, but they are a musical minority. Bayreuth is much less concerned with defending Wagner's music than with denazifying him—and, if possible, giving an internationalist, pro-democratic profile to the man who



W. & W. WAGNER

They are denazifying Grandpa.

called himself "the most German of the Germans."

Bayreuth's case: some of Wagner's Third Reich worshipers (most notable: Adolf Hitler) "made him a Nazi—he was not." The prewar boss of the festival, Wagner's daughter-in-law Winifred, mother of Wieland and Wolfgang, once an ardent Nazi, has retired from all connection with festival affairs in illustration of the point. Moreover, the new Bayreuth is stressing the fact that Wagner admired the U.S. He wrote a grand march for Philadelphia's celebration of the 100th anniversary of independence (he was paid \$5,000 for it*), planned to visit the U.S. before he died, but "unfortunately he was too busy with new inspirations."

"Did you know," said one enthusiastic publicist, "that when [Wagner] visited St. Petersburg he was constantly followed by Russian secret police?"

Chief Promoter Karl Ipser, who considers Wagner "a moral world power" and Bayreuth "a symbol for the West," has written Margaret Truman, asking her to sponsor a student pilgrimage (no reply). He is also looking for some music-minded U.S. city that might like to help pay for the restoration.

Sheik of the Accordion

Dick Contino is one of the few men in musical history who have ever squeezed big money out of an accordion. When he steps out into a spotlight and flashes a smile almost as wide and white as the keyboard of his stomach Steinway, his



DUTCH YOUTH AT SYMPHONY HALL
They greeted a *Requiem* with tear gas.

* It was played on the arrival of President Grant to open the centennial. A New York *Times* critic found it "as clearly Wagnerian as anything in *Laubach*." But curiously concluded that "all its beauties as a specimen of orchestral writing do not make amends for [its] lack of thought."

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Canadian Pacific

Reservations early: See your local agent or Canadian Pacific in principal cities in U. S. and Canada.

lady fans go limp, men smile wanly, and the management gets ready to peel off up to \$4,000 a week.

At 21, Contino is not the world's greatest accordion player; others have the same flying-finger technique. But none has ever surpassed his showmanship. "When he digs into a tune," one admirer puts it, "he becomes as passionate as a sailor on his first night ashore." Says Erskine Johnson, Hollywood columnist: "He looks down his accordion the way Gilbert used to look down Garbo."

Last week Contino was looking down his accordion at the Mark Hopkins and giving San Francisco night life its biggest lift of the season.

On opening night, husky and handsome in a midnight-blue tuxedo, he first stepped briskly into the spotlight and bared his wisdom teeth. Then he skittered into a fast, tricky arrangement of *China Boy*, letting a small smile play on his face, as if to cue the audience to the right light spirit. In *Bewitched*, he swayed like a stalk of wheat, closing his eyes and opening his mouth to cue in deep ecstasy. From there he went to Duke Ellington's hot, blaring *Caravan*. Then he took off his tie, loosened his collar, and launched into a friendly little story of his life. His applauding fans seemed to like that almost as well.

Contino likes to tell how his father came to the U.S. from Sicily and set up as a butcher in Fresno. (At this point, he usually produces papa, and papa sings in Italian.) His mother's brother, christened Raffaele Giordano but better known as Young Corbett III, onetime world welter-weight champ (1933), thought young Dick would make a good fighter; he has big hands. But from twelve on, Dick has wanted to sing and play the accordion.

He got his first big chance in 1947, when he won Bandleader Horace Heidt's cross-country "Youth Opportunity" contest. Last summer, free of Heidt's contract, he started out for the big money at the Waldorf.

Dick admits, "I'm very ambitious. I want to do everything I can with my music and find new ways and mediums for it." But, above all, he would like to build "a beautiful church right on the corner where I was born in Fresno. If I could do that, I'd really think I'd done something."

New Pop Records

John Philip Sousa Marches (Coral; 2 sides LP). Sousa isn't just Sousa any more; he has syncope possibilities. Here, Bob Crosby and his Bob Cats have some good clean Dixieland fun with *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, *El Capitán*, and half a dozen other old March King favorites.

Out of This World (Columbia; 2 sides LP). Comedienne Charlotte Greenwood and some strong-voiced youngsters deliver the score of Cole Porter's new show.

Edith Piaf Sings Again (Columbia; 2 sides LP). More songs (six in French, two in English) about love, sweet & sour, by the little Frenchwoman with the big voice.



Bob Luckenbach—Calif. Press
DICK CONTINO
Sailors understand.

Dizzy Gillespie Plays (Discovery; 2 sides LP). Lost somewhere between the flatted fifths of basement bop and the swooping violins of mezzanine dinner music, "progressive" Dizzy gets his bearings now & then in a spot of good horn-playing.

Would I Love You (Love You, Love You). Helen O'Connell starts sweet and ends lowdown in her version of one of the newest heart-on-sleeve songs (for Capitol).

Tell Me You Love Me. A heart-breaking attempt to restyle *Pagliacci's* old heartbreaker, *Vesti la giubba*, as a ballad-foxtrot. The most popular version: Mercury's, featuring Vic Damone as the pop *Pagliaccio*.

Rhapsody from Hunger (y). Spike Jones and his irreverent City Slickers (Victor) pull the tail of several old war horses, including Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2*, with the usual catastrophic results.

Lovesick Blues (Capitol). Kay Starr bounces through a new blues number in a voice as hearty and healthy as a call for Swiss-on-rye.

I Remember the Cornfields (London). The corn is pretty tall, but warm-voiced Anne Shelton gives some sense of Mother Earth to this piece of Tin Pan Alley nostalgia for the great open spaces.

I Apologize (Mercury). Though handicapped by a fussy orchestral background, supple-voiced Dinah Washington manages to give this oldie a deft push along the road back.

Destination Moon (Coral). Scientification rears its supersonic head in a duet by Connie Haines and Bob Crosby, with subsonic swooshes by the sound-effects department.

Banned in Boston

At last April's Boston Marathon, Republic of Korea runners ran away from an international field of 131 to finish 1-2-3. Last week, with another marathon coming up, Boston advised the Koreans to stay away.

What had bitten Boston was the news that last year's winners, Kee Yong Ham, Kil Yoon Song and Yun Chil Choi, had been granted temporary deferments and were training for the marathon near Pusan. The Boston *American* published a smoking editorial headlined, **WHO IS TRAINING FOR WHAT?** and ran a picture layout of U.S. soldiers marching through the snow with the caption, **BOSTONIANS TRAINING FOR KOREA.**

Walter A. Brown, president of the Boston Athletic Association, felt the same way. "While American soldiers are fighting and dying in Korea," said he, "every Korean should be fighting to protect his country instead of training for marathons. As long as the war continues there, we positively will not accept Korean entries for our race on April 19."

The Value of Practice

For the third time in 43 years, an American won the tennis championship of Australia. It was all a rude surprise to Australia—winner of the Davis Cup last fall and supposedly sitting serene in the tennis world for a long time to come. The Aussies figured without Dick Savitt.

Savitt, 23, ranked No. 6 in the U.S., beat the two top Aussies, Frank Sedgman

and Ken McGregor, on successive days for the title.*

The person least surprised by this outcome was Savitt's mother, back in Orange, N.J. Said she: "Dick never had much time to practice while he was in college [Cornell], and we don't believe he ever was able to get in shape for a tournament before he went to Australia."

"Big Game." Dick was in shape this time. With U.S. Champion Art Larsen, 25, he had been barnstorming through a succession of Australian provincial tournaments for three months. Moreover, he got some expert informal coaching this trip from Adrian Quist, Davis Cup veteran and three-time Australian champion. In 14 hours of friendly drill, Quist helped Savitt improve his service grip and straighten out his hard, flat drives.

The net of all this was that, by the Australian championship last week, Savitt was playing a "big game" with more style than he had ever shown before. Sedgman and McGregor repeatedly found his serves too hot to handle, and his base-line drives from forehand and backhand kept them more often than not on the defensive. It took him five sets against Sedgman (2-6, 7-5, 1-6, 6-3, 6-4), four against McGregor (6-3, 2-6, 6-3, 6-1).

"Print That!" The Sydney press hailed him as "one of the world's best base-line players," possessed of a "killer spirit" and "the finest backhand we've seen since Donald Budge won our championship in 1938." Said Savitt, making Mother's point again: "At Cornell the weather was too bad for tennis in winter. This is the first time I've ever had an opportunity to play tennis past September."

The opportunity to play extra tennis did little or nothing to help Art Larsen's game. He showed the same jittery nerves that marked his U.S. play last fall (*TIME*, Sept. 25), became upset by the heckling and "barracking" of the Sydney gallery in the semifinals. When, in the face of established etiquette, the crowd cheered one of Larsen's double-faults, he turned and shouted to the Aussies in the press box: "I think your crowd stinks! Print that!" They did.

Richest in History

The weather was clear, the track was fast, and the stake, \$205,700, was the richest in the history of thoroughbred racing. Except for the absence of three topflight four-year-olds originally slated to run,† the fourth running of the Santa Anita Maturity had everything the most exacting railbird could ask of a great horse race.

Well on the outside in the field of eleven, at post position ten, was John T. De Blois Wack's big, bad-tempered colt,

* Previous U.S. holders of the Australian championship: Don Budge (1938) and Frederick H. Alexander (1908).

† Middleground, Your Host and Hill Prince, all out with cracked or broken leg bones.



Max Pfeffer Hoot

CHAMPION SAVITT

Mother was the least surprised.

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What a wonderful wake-up glow in your scalp—when you use "Live-Action" Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!"

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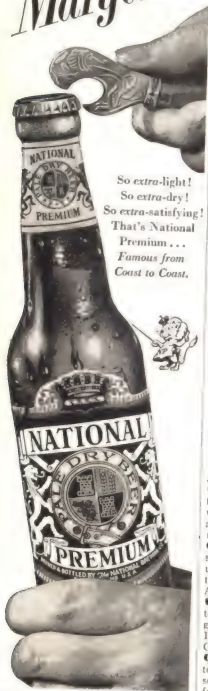


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VITALIS Hair CREAM...lighter-bodied than ordinary cream oils! No heavy film, no sticky comb, no messy hands!

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That's National
Premium...
Famous from
Coast to Coast.



The National Brewing Co., Baltimore 24, Md.

Great Circle. While he had done well in numerous Western races and set a new track record in winning the Del Mar Derby last year, Great Circle had not fulfilled his promise in recent tries. This time his jockey was Willie Shoemaker, co-holder of top 1950 riding honors. Willie rode the big brown colt at Santa Anita last month and learned a useful lesson: Great Circle can run in the clear, but when he is close in with the field he is apt to fall back. For the Maturity, Shoemaker put the lesson to work.

For the first half-mile of the mile-and-a-quarter race, Shoemaker "just folded up on him and let him run his own race," while two fillies, Next Move and Special Touch, fought for the lead. But in the run down the backstretch, Shoemaker began bringing Great Circle up on the outside. Coming into the stretch, with Shoemaker giving him plenty of whip, he overhauled the pacemakers, won by a length and three-quarters.

Great Circle, relatively lightly regarded in the odds (9-1), set a new record for the Maturity: 2:00 2/5. He earned a purse of \$144,325 for his owner, \$14,000 for his breeder, Louis B. Mayer, and another \$14,000 for Willie Shoemaker—all three record figures. Second and third money (\$20,000 and \$15,000) went to T. G. Benson's Lotowhite and Alfred Vanderbilt's Bed o' Roses.

For Vanderbilt, show money was small consolation: in making her final bid, Bed o' Roses, top two-year-old filly of 1949, pulled up lame with a spread hoof. If she had been able to finish on four good legs, instead of three and a heart, she might have won.

Who Won

¶ In L'Alpe-d'Huez, France, the German four-man bobsled team over the U.S. and Switzerland, setting a course record of 1 min. 11.65 sec. and making a clean sweep of sled titles in Germany's first postwar try at the world championships.

¶ In Seattle, Dick Button, 21, world figure-skating champion, for his sixth consecutive national title.

¶ In Boston, Miller Don Gehrman, for his sixth straight victory over FBI-man Fred Wilt, in the track-record time of 4:07.9.

¶ In Annapolis, Princeton's Bob Brawner, the 200-yd. breast stroke, in a dual meet with Navy, to set a new world's record for a 20-yd. course: 2:16.6 (old record, set in 1939 by Princeton's Dick Hough: 2:19.8).

¶ In Tucson, Lloyd Mangrum in the Tucson Open golf tournament, with an 11-under par 269, for his second big win of the 1951 winter circuit (the first: the Los Angeles Open).

¶ In Ithaca, N.Y., Cornell's basketball team over Penn for its 13th victory in 15 games, to take second place in the Eastern Intercollegiate League, after undefeated Columbia.

¶ In New Orleans, Kentucky's basketball team over Tulane, 104-68, for a new high-scoring record for the Southeastern Conference (previous record: 98, set by Kentucky in 1947).

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Charles D. Campbell
PRESIDENT

THE PRESS

La Prensa at War

For the second week, Buenos Aires' *La Prensa* was closed down. The independent conservative newspaper, one of the most respected in the world, was in a fight for its existence against Juan Perón. It had been shut down by the refusal of the government-bossed news vendors' union to handle it unless *La Prensa* gave the union 20% of its ad revenues and exclusive right to distribute the newspaper in Buenos Aires.

The reason for the shutdown was perfectly clear to *La Prensa's* publisher, Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz, an unflinching foe of Perón. The stoppage was no labor dispute, but "a new episode in our years-long battle to remain independent." During the



Blackstone

PUBLISHER GAINZA PAZ
Materially & spiritually.

battle, Dr. Gainza Paz had been briefly imprisoned by Perón, his newsprint stocks had been seized and the paper had been harassed in dozens of other ways. Newsprint rationing had forced *La Prensa* (circulation 380,000 daily, 480,000 Sunday) to cut from about 40 to twelve pages daily.

But this was the first time under Perón that *La Prensa* had been forced to shut. Although Dr. Gainza Paz appealed for police intervention last week so *La Prensa* could reopen, the police played deaf.

Free Press. Within the limits of its shrunken size, *La Prensa* still maintains the proud tradition established by Founder José C. Paz. Gainza Paz's granduncle. It has never accepted a political ad nor solicited an ad of any kind; it lets advertisers come to it. On a big local story, it still assigns as many as 30 reporters and photographers, blanketing all other newspapers with sharply written coverage, has yet to run a byline over any staffer's story. Before Perón, *La Prensa* often printed

"Weren't You Romantic!"



"Listen to this: Your lips are sweet, your voice divine, won't you be my valentine?"

"Wow! Did I write that drivell?"

"You did—and it's beautiful drivell. I loved it!"

"It sure served its purpose at the time—but I'd express my love for you differently now."

"No more hearts and flowers?"

"Honey, all I mean is there's a practical side to my affection, too. For instance, yesterday I expressed my feelings toward you by filling out a life insurance application!"

"A what?"

"An application for life insurance—part of the Mutual Life INSURED INCOME

program I'm starting for us. Now you and the twins will have a regular monthly check to count on even if I'm not around. And that's not all: comes the day when I retire, we'll have the money we'll need. You see..."

"Darling..."

"...Insured Income provides both family protection and retirement income, so naturally..."

"...you're still my valentine."

Mutual Life's Insured Income program is the ideal method for planning family security. It's economical, because it includes assets you already own, like a company pension, Social Security, G.I. Insurance, etc. It's realistic, because it's tailored to your needs and your means.

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New York, Oakland, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland,
St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle, Spokane,
Tacoma, Washington, D. C. In Canada: Toronto,
Vancouver, Winnipeg.

to to 40 columns of cable news daily; thought nothing of ordering 25,000-word treaties and other important state papers by cable so that it could print the full texts.

Free Services. An institution as much as a newspaper, *La Prensa* provides a free medical clinic (23 doctors) and free legal advice (six lawyers) for its staff and the people of Buenos Aires. It runs an excellent free library, a free music school (100 students). It also maintains its own delivery service, a hangover from 10th Century days of uncertain mails. Though few ask such service nowadays, *La Prensa* will still deliver in Argentina any letter addressed in care of its stately headquarters across the street from the presidential palace.

Best opinion in Buenos Aires is that the newspaper, which earned an estimated \$1,000,000 a year before the war, is still financially strong. Materially as well as spiritually, embattled *La Prensa* is well equipped to fight a long siege.

The Constitution Wins

The Atlanta *Constitution* and Executive Editor Ralph McGill buckled down to work 13 years ago to drive the Ku Klux Klan out of Georgia. The *Constitution* repeatedly headlined hooded assault and fiery cross burnings, prodded lethargic cops into jailing several of the ringleaders, kept up a constant drumfire of ridicule. When Indiana Veterinarian James A. Colescott was chosen Imperial Wizard of the Klan, Editor McGill wrote: "For the first time the Klan has chosen a proper man, a veterinarian skilled in dealing with dumb animals."

The Klan fought back. Hooded Klansmen paraded around the *Constitution* building, sent the *Constitution* and McGill letters filled with threats and abuse.

Slowly the *Constitution*, joined by the Atlanta *Journal* and most of Georgia's other dailies and weeklies, made headway. A bill was introduced into the state legislature two years ago to ban the wearing of masks, but was defeated by an 89-65 vote.

Last week the *Constitution* and the other papers won a complete victory. Georgia's Governor Herman Talmadge signed a new, even tougher bill, which banned the whole paraphernalia of hooded terror.

In celebrating its victory, the *Constitution* had some sharp things to say about the way Northern newspapers had covered the fight. When the first bill was defeated, said McGill, the story was given front-page play in the North. Last week, after thumbing through 30 Northern newspapers, McGill angrily wrote: "Let anything suggestive of Ku Klux Klan violence happen in Georgia or the South and the Northern and Eastern papers are certain to give it front-page play and bitter editorial condemnation. But we have searched in vain for comment on . . . passage of the anti-mask bill, which . . . signals the death and burial of the Klan and its code in Georgia. . . . It is much easier to criticize than to praise."

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AFTER YOU READ



YOU'LL KNOW

The Texan

There is no Texan like a Texan born some place else. Texans think this quip perfectly tailored for Amarillo Publisher Gene Howe, who has become the voice of the vast Texas Panhandle by outshouting the natives and trying to forget that he was born in Kansas. In both his *Amarillo Globe and News*, his garrulous daily column, "The Tactless Texan," is the fountainhead of authentic Panhandle lore.

"Old Tack's" reverence for Texas is fanatical and often funny. Panhandle women, he wrote, have the world's prettiest legs, made strong and muscular by leaning against the fierce Panhandle winds. Panhandle dogs are tougher: Panhandle skunks are twice as odorous. Even in the dust-bowl days he bragged that no other place could produce such suffocating dust



GENE HOWE

Panhandle winds make pretty legs.

clouds. According to legend, the Northwest Texas Hospital took Tack's tall boasts so seriously that it ordered beds a foot longer than normal to accommodate Panhandle patients.

Last week, at 64, Gene Howe was rounding out 50 years in the newspaper business with a four-day open house at the *Globe and News's* new million-dollar plant. Above the main entrance was his one-line journalistic creed: "A newspaper may be forgiven for lack of wisdom but never for lack of courage."

The two-story building itself made plain that while Old Tack had rattled out his folksy nonsense, Publisher Howe had become a no-nonsense businessman. He had built up a string of eleven newspapers and a radio chain reaching to the West Coast. Later, he trimmed to an easily manageable five papers (at Amarillo and Lubbock, Texas; Atchison, Kans.), two radio stations, and a deposit box full of blue-chip stocks.

Gene Howe had been bent on such Lone

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*or THE CASE OF THE FORGOTTEN PAJAMAS

"Many thanks for the parcel containing some of my personal effects which I neglected to pack on checking out. Fact is, I had not even missed them until I received your letter. This kindness, in addition to many other courtesies, gives me one more reason to recommend The Commodore to my friends."

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SOLD ONLY BY MASTER PLUMBERS—SEE YOURS TODAY!

Star independence ever since he fled from the towering reputation of his famous publishing father, Old Ed Howe, Kansas' "Sage of Potato Hill." When Gene was 15, sharp-penned Old Ed wrote: "Three Atchison young men disgraced themselves . . . Saturday. The publisher's son was the drunkest of the bunch." Gene struck west, and after six years as a reporter, came back and soon took over the Atchison Globe.

Eleven years later, Gene bolted for Amarillo and started his own paper. He gave his editors free rein, spent most of his time making Old Tack the independent character Gene Howe wanted to be. In his battered Stetsons, his rumpled—and expensive—suits, he soon mastered the look of Texas, then acquired the substance by buying a 15,000-acre cattle ranch and a herd of Herefords. But it was not until Texas mothers and fathers began naming their children "Gene Howe" and cowhands took to calling their ponies Old Tack that he knew, for sure, he had arrived.

Doubtful Guide

The New York Times's James ("Scotty") Reston is a sharp, Pulitzer-Prize-winning correspondent who specializes in finding out what the State Department is thinking, rather than what it is saying out loud. Armed with integrity and prestige, he has ready access to most of the department's top brass, plenty of chances for "guidance" talks when he wants them.

Last week Scotty Reston passed along some exclusive and startling guidance to his readers: Secretary of State Acheson had reversed his policy on China. "Last January," Reston wrote, "Secretary of State Dean Acheson was ridiculing the Chinese Nationalists in public, exhorting the Dutch and the French to recognize that a revolution had taken place in Asia, and emphasizing that the first rule of United States policy in the Far East was to refrain from doing anything that would drive the Chinese Communists and the Soviet Communists together."

"Now," wrote Reston, "Mr. Acheson is all for giving more help to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, insisting that military considerations must determine United States policy toward the future of Formosa, [and] conducting a policy of economic sanctions against the Peiping regime . . ."

Reston doubtless was reporting just what he had heard. Also he was reporting the kind of story the State Department would love to put out on a don't-quote-me basis to head off public irritation over continuing confusion about China. The facts, as other newsmen saw them, were quite different: Acheson was still governed by bitter resentment toward Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Nationalists. When the Joint Chiefs of Staff had proposed a counter-offensive against the Communists in a high-level conference, Acheson had opposed it.

By week's end, Scotty Reston's story was still exclusive—a good sign, in well-covered Washington, that nobody could find facts to support it.

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From the flanges on the wheels to the tip of the restful Pleasure Dome, the Super Chief is new—entirely new.

To give you the smoothest ride of your life on rails, this new Super Chief glides on cushioned springs...revises any ideas you ever had about any train.

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You find it in the distinctive Turquoise Room in the lounge car—a delightful place to relax, enjoy a cocktail or entertain your friends at dinner—the first time such a room has been provided on any train.

You find it in the Pleasure Dome—"top of the

Super, next to the stars"—that brings you an unobstructed view of southwestern scenery.

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Accommodations in this beautiful all-room train pamper you every mile of the way... "push-button" radio or music in your room when you want it... beds you just can't help sleeping in... charming apartments by day.

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America's most beautiful car is just as lovely to ride in as it is to look at! Room aplenty for six big people to sit comfortably...head room enough for the tallest to sit up straight...leg room that lets everyone stretch out and relax—in your new 1951 Kaiser!

And look—with new Control-Tower Vision you have the largest wind-shield and window area in any 6-passenger car...one of the many exclusive features of Kaiser's Anatomic Design!

New High-Bridge Doors, extending up into the roof, let you walk in and out without knocking off your hat. Kaiser's new *Safety-Cushion Padded Instrument Panel* guards against the hazards of sudden stops. The smooth and thrifty power of Kaiser's new *Supersonic Engine* saves you money every mile!

These features make the 1951 Kaiser the newest car on the road! A demonstration at your Kaiser-Frazer dealer's will prove it's the *ideal car* for you!

Built to Better the Best on the Road!

THE THEATER

Actors in the Living Room

Tickets to such Broadway hit musicals as *South Pacific*, *Guys and Dolls* and *Call Me Madam* are still harder to get than rush-hour seats in the Manhattan subways. But, for roughly the price of a ticket, a theater fan anywhere can hear the shows' tunes just as they sound from the stage without stirring from the living-room sofa.

In ten years, original-cast recordings of Broadway scores have boomed into big business by appealing to 1) those who cannot see the shows, and 2) theatergoers who want something more than a playbill to remember them by. Columbia Records has sold 980,000 copies of *South Pacific* (at from \$4.85 to \$8.85 an album) for about \$6,500,000. The Broadway show itself has grossed less than \$5,000,000. Decca's 1943 *Oklahoma!*, still going strong, heads the bestseller list at over 1,000,000 copies, and its new *Guys and Dolls* is selling faster than *Oklahoma!* did in its heyday.

Decca's late president, Jack Kapp, fathered the original-cast musical recording with George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, and his company has set the pace ever since (*Carousel*, *Call Me Mister*, *Annie Get Your Gun*). But the competition is furious. Producers' royalties have shot up to 10% per record, and producers switch unpredictably to different labels as they bring out new shows. RCA Victor clinched the rights to *Call Me Madam* by financing the music comedy for \$225,000, but had to do without Star Ethel Merman, whose recording contract committed her to do the songs for Decca.

With too few new musical hits to feed a hungry demand, the leading companies have gone off in new directions. Columbia has fattened its current catalogue (*Kiss Me Kate*, *Out of This World*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*) by recording older shows in their original spirit, mostly with new performers: 1931's *The Bandwagon*, 1934's *Anything Goes* (both with Mary Martin). Awaiting release: 1940's *Pal Joey* with the original's Vivienne Segal, and 1934's *Conversation Piece* with Author Noel Coward and Lily Pons. Decca is turning out record albums of straight plays with only minor cuts: T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* and, soon to be issued, *The Lady's Not for Burning*, which Poet-Playwright Christopher Fry conveniently wrote even more for the ear than the eye.

New Play in Manhattan

The Rose Tattoo (by Tennessee Williams; produced by Cheryl Crawford) is laid, like most Tennessee Williams plays, in the South—in a village on the Gulf Coast. But its characters are rowdy Sicilian immigrants, and its tenor is life-loving and affirmative. Playwright Williams has cast off unnaturalism for primitivism, neurosis for fulfillment, the genteel nymphomaniac for the savage one-man woman. But though he has reversed his basic



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GOING PLACES!

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caribbean

• The green grass on Teddy Roosevelt-famed San Juan Hill died. Coffee growing on the surrounding mountain rim withered in the Cuban sun. Clouds refused to gather. Rain refused to come. Santiago's parched 175,000 had no water in sight except a tantalizing trickle from the reservoirs and undrinkable Santiago Bay.

But Santiago's 1950 drought provoked no panic. From the caddy master at the Country Club to the barman at air conditioned 300 Club, from svelte salesladies in Bernardito Solis' El Encanto Department Store to dark-eyed airport clerks—every Santiaguan knows that besides a strong city government Santiago has three powerful friends. The way all three cooperated to ease Santiago's thirst is a nice example of enlightened self interest.

♣ Santiago's big friends are the U.S. and Cuban governments, powerful Compania Ron Bacardi. Bacardi, to whom even fresh spring water isn't good enough till it has been expensively purified and neutralized, employs over 2000 Santiaguans in a huge Hatuey Brewery and modern Bacardi distillery. It is here in a special corner that costly Bacardi Añejo (literally, old one) is born, nursed through years, then sent tenderly to a few well-heeled epicures and tony U. S. cafes.

Santiago's big friends—U. S. officials, Cuba's President Prio and Department of Public Works, Daniel and Victor Bacardi and Bacardi's trouble shooter, ubiquitous Frank Dorothy: (a) Imported Boston Rainmaker Herman Cohen, who had to make his own clouds to seed. (b) Dug numerous wells lined with "unobtainable" new pipe. (c) Cast the U. S. Navy as Gunga Din to carry water supplied U. S. Guantanamo base by a Bacardi family waterworks. (d) Hustled a fleet of 8000-gallon Bacardi tank cars 80 kilometers to artesian wells at Algodonal and nearby sugar centrals.

Results: some moisture from Herman Cohen's clouds... 200,000 gallons of water daily from new wells... 200,000 more via Bacardi tank cars... and enough more, courtesy U. S. Navy, to keep Santiago's grateful tongue damp until the rain came.—BY DON TAYER

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theme, introduced some livelier and trashier tunes, trilled a bit less and binged more. Williams has never seemed so blatantly himself.

The Rose Tattoo is about Serafina Delle Rose, whose husband—a lusty man with a rose tattooed on his chest—is killed smuggling narcotics on a banana truck. After his death, Serafina wildly exalts him into a legend, lives devotedly with his ashes, cuts off all outside life. Then, slowly and agonizingly, she is forced to recognize that her husband was unfaithful to her. Through another banana-truck driver, "with my husband's body and the face of a clown," she is brought back to life, and set free to love.

Williams began *The Rose Tattoo* in Rome, so carried away by Italian "vitality... and love of life" that he jumped from one extreme to another. Perhaps the knowledge that he had been repeating



George Kaganer—Pia
MAUREEN STAPLETON
A one-man woman.

himself counted for as much as the atmosphere of Rome. In any case, at both extremes he displays the same excess: the same romanticism, sensationalism, violence. Now he writes of a woman who, when baffled, shatters her household possessions instead of her sanity—a woman who has to be rescued from a mausoleum instead of sent to a madhouse.

Moreover, the play's tone, if affirmative at the end, is badly mixed before that. After building up a good deal of emotional intensity, Williams snaps the whole mood by turning Serafina's first meeting with the truck driver into low comedy.

The best of *The Rose Tattoo* is effective theater. David Diamond's incidental music is pleasant, and Boris Aronson's set appealing. Maureen Stapleton gives Serafina a crude, harsh vitality. But too often the play itself is lush, garish, operatic, decadently primitive, a salt breeze in a swamp, a Banana Truck Named Desire.



House pet and champion, too —Airedale wins 15 awards!

Handler Doug McClain poses *Champion Airedale Kickernick* whose recent wins include three best of breed awards against strong competition. Says McClain, "Airedale is certainly an exception to the rule that Terriers can't be house pets and good show dogs, too. Airedale has kept all of his Terrier's eager disposition and alertness. I'm convinced that proper diet is one of the most important factors in keeping any dog in top condition. That's why I always recommend the Armour dog food—Dash. It's a complete diet. And Dash is fortified with liver!" Get Dash for your dog today!

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AT ALL DRUG STORES U.S. & CANADA

Old Play in Manhattan

The Green Bay Tree (by Mordaunt Shairp; produced by Shepard Traube) seemed a better play 17 years ago, and unquestionably received a better production. It is still a reasonably interesting theater piece; it still provides a brittle, glassy surface for certain emotions to skate over if no longer cut beneath.

In the new production, it is rather a sybaritic than a homosexual Mr. Dulcimer who has brought up his adopted son Julian to have the most expensive tastes and play a purely decorative role. Then at 23 Julian falls in love. Mr. Dulcimer can only counter by saying that marriage means being cut off without a button. Love, with a spineless young man who hates work, proves no match against luxury. At the end, Julian has not only inherited his guardian's money, but has adopted his fastidious ways.

The end is pat, as the whole play is perhaps too prettily made. Psychologically, *The Green Bay Tree* doesn't always hold water; but that is not terribly vital, since it was meant to be filled with Pernod. Playwright Shairp clearly sought to develop an unnatural situation as much on a basis of tone as of truth. As currently produced, it offers less than it might of either. Denholm Elliott sufficiently captures Julian's wispy-washy charm. But Joseph Schildkraut reduces Mr. Dulcimer to a mere fussy epicure; and such is Schildkraut's own personality that he comes off rather more a continental *bon vivant*.

Old Musical in Manhattan

The Mikado (book & lyrics by Sir William Schwenck Gilbert; music by Sir Arthur Sullivan; produced by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company) ushers in yet another D'Oyly Carte visit to Broadway. In a sense, it is always the same visit, as full of tradition and ritual as though the visiting players were visiting royalty. It even seems to fetch the same audiences of devotees. The extravaganzas that once turned Victorian sanity upside down today seem one of the few things still on their feet. Titipu still flourishes, Barataria still stands.

D'Oyly Carte productions are still impeccably starched and smooth. The D'Oyly Carters are roughish, but they are expertly roughish. There were rumbles once over Martyn Green's unbridled, wall-climbing Ko-Ko; today, roars of sanctified laughter greet his agile footwork and fanwork.

The Mikado—though it seems rather like Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* set to hurdy-gurdy tunes^{*}—still holds up. Almost all of Gilbert's lyrics are beyond cavil, and the best of them are beyond praise, while Sullivan's music has more to boast of than a string of lively tunes. The first-act finale of *The Mikado* is not less a triumph of operatic *brío* for being also intended as a travesty.

^{*} Except that Bartlett's actually fails to include such phrases as *The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la; A source of innocent merriment: A wandering minstrel*, and many others virtually as famous.

Bushed!



Wallace Tklop can't see the forest for the leaves!

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SCIENCE

New Weapons

Some U.S. victories can be won on the drawing boards of industry. Last week two new fighting machines moved closer to battle:

Eager Beaver. The Army has long wanted a heavy truck that can splash ashore from landing barges and ford deep streams. Last week it had just the thing, and in quantity. Reo Motors Inc. delivered the last of 5,000 six-wheeled, 2½-ton trucks designed to start, stop and run under water as easily as above it. Called the Eager Beaver, the vehicle is a big brother of the submersible jeep (*TIME*, May 15). Its engine breathes and exhausts through vertical snorkel tubes like a latest-type submarine. Its wiring system is completely covered with a silicone-rubber compound that repels water. Tight

oil seals keep water out of all engine openings.

Equipped to carry a five-ton load through a 7-ft.-deep stream, the Eager Beaver does even better. In a grueling Army test, with the driver wearing a portable lung, it went to a depth of eleven feet, cruised without a sputter on the bottom of a clear stream with fish swimming around it (see picture).

Flying Arrowhead. The Navy allowed Douglas Aircraft Co. to release a picture of its XF4D, an experimental jet interceptor of daring, tailless design. Intended for launching by catapult from a carrier deck, it has been test-flown successfully, but nothing has been made public about its performance.

The XF4D illustrates an aerodynamic axiom: "The more power you have, the less wing you need." Presumably it is very fast; it may be supersonic. The short, steeply swept-back wing is shaped to minimize the shockwave effects that are generally felt near the speed of sound. The thickness of the foreshortened wing and weblike "planform" in the center is intended to direct the air in a "three-dimensional flow"—below, above and around it.

Audible Illusion

When a jet plane passes overhead, most people hear an earsplitting, nerve-jangling wail. But it may be only "an audible illusion," says General Electric Co. After measuring both with decibel tests, G.E. announced last week that the air-to-ground noise of a jet engine is actually about the same as or even less than that from a piston-driven plane of equal horsepower. A jet just seems louder because it travels faster and its noise strikes the ear more abruptly. Also, said G.E., the shriek of a jet is a comparatively new sound and thus attracts more attention.

The Unhappy Bee

Bees, by & large, lead sad lives. Most young queens are killed by the reigning queen before they reach maturity. All the mature drones (males) are killed or starved by the workers (sterile females) before winter comes. Most drones die celibate; only one in thousands manages to mate with a virgin queen—and then pays with his life when she tears his genitals away.

The females work themselves to death, wearing their wings to rags on trips to & from flowers. The only pleasure they seem to get is when, as young adults, they care for the baby bees, nursing them tenderly and feeding them golden pollen.

Now it looks as if bee scientists have learned to deprive them of even these few tender hours. In Britain's *Journal of Experimental Biology*, C. R. Ribbands of the Bee Research Department, Rothamsted Experimental Station, tells how he and colleagues anesthetized worker bees by putting them in jars of carbon dioxide or nitrogen. The bees soon recovered, but with changed personalities. Young workers that had been tending the baby bees forsook their charges and started gathering nectar, to be stored up in the combs and made into honey.* Older workers, that had been gathering both nectar and pollen (for baby bees), usually gathered nothing but nectar thenceforth. The gassing caused both age groups to ignore the colony's system of cooperative reproduction. Only one emotion remained: greed for more & more nectar.

Beeman Ribbands is well pleased with his discovery. In some localities, he says,

* Nectar is a dilute solution of various sugars. Bees put it in uncapped comb-cells, evaporate it to honey by fanning it with their wings. If it contains too much sucrose (cane sugar), which would make it tend to crystallize, the bees add an enzyme (invertase) from glands under their thorax. Thus the sucrose is turned into levulose and dextrose, which taste almost as sweet.



EAGER BEAVER UNDER WATER



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TIME, FEBRUARY 12, 1951

MEDICINE

Nothing Like Blood

If an atom bomb should hit a big U.S. city, the lives of more than 100,000 injured might be saved by prompt transfusions of blood, blood plasma or proper plasma substitutes. Under present conditions, nearly all these people would die. There is not enough blood, plasma or substitutes.

Researchers are now looking frantically for acceptable and plentiful substitutes for plasma. Most injuries caused by atomic bombs (wounds, burns, radiation damage) result in loss of fluids from the blood vessels. The blood does not circulate properly, and the tissues, including the brain, do not get the oxygen and other supplies they need. The result is "shock," which means that the patient's blood volume must be increased promptly to restore circulation.

The simplest way is to administer dilute salt or glucose solution by vein. But the effect lasts only a short time. Blood plasma, the clear portion of human blood, is better. It contains protein molecules of a definite size and shape that keep it from leaking out of the blood vessels. An emergency plasma substitute needs some harmless substance with the same sort of molecules. Several such substances, including gelatin, Dextran (a complex sugarlike compound) and PVP (polyvinyl pyrrolidone), a synthetic made from acetylene, do the job to some extent, but none is both plentiful and entirely satisfactory.

Okra for Shock. One new idea is an extract of the slippery vegetable, okra. Dr. Hiram B. Benjamin of Marquette Medical School, Milwaukee, discovered more or less by accident that an okra

bees pay altogether too much attention to raising their young, and produce too many of them. He thinks that if whole colonies are doused with carbon dioxide, they will stick more strictly to business, gather more nectar, lay up a bigger crop of profit-making honey.

Strong & Weak Bombs

The fourth atom bomb blast at Frenchman's Flat, Nev., was the biggest of the series. It lit up the sky brightly at San Diego, 300 miles away. At Los Angeles, 250 miles away, the light was strong enough before dawn to take a dramatic picture (see below). Earth tremors shook Las Vegas (about 70 miles away), where the air blast broke a plate-glass window in Marjer's department store.

A much more distant effect of the explosions was a radioactive snowfall in the northeastern U.S. University of Rochester scientists boiled snow water and found the residue radioactive. In other cities, scientists got similar results, but all agreed that the radioactivity was much too weak to be dangerous.

The complete absence of scientific information about the Nevada bomb tests makes guessing about them hazardous. One thing seems certain: that the bombs were of several types. More interesting to scientific guessers than the powerful final bomb were the earlier, weaker ones. An urgent project of the AEC has long been the development of a "tactical" atom bomb small enough and cheap enough to be used in considerable numbers against enemy troops.

The weak bombs exploded in Nevada may have been this long-sought-for weapon. They may have been dropped from small aircraft or even fired from something resembling artillery. If such weapons have been perfected, they will be a powerful addition to U.S. military strength.



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PRE-DAWN LOS ANGELES, BY ATOMIC LIGHT
The little ones were more interesting.

Helen Bruth—Los Angeles Daily News

extract he was testing as a cure for stomach ulcers could be injected without immediate damage into the veins of dogs. Apparently the okra extract contains polysaccharide molecules similar to Dextran. Other blood experts say that the okra idea must be tested more thoroughly, on humans as well as dogs.

All plasma substitutes offer the danger of putting large amounts of foreign matter into the blood. If they damage some organ, the ill effects may not show up for years—so doctors like to be careful. Plasma substitutes would have to be used in case of an atom-bomb attack, but experts would prefer real plasma, or better yet, whole blood.

The trouble with whole blood is that it cannot be stockpiled. It contains living cells (white and red corpuscles) and therefore cannot be dried, frozen or preserved with chemicals. At present, it can be kept for only three weeks.

Long-Lasting Blood. One of the projects of blood research is to find ways to preserve whole blood. Dr. Max Strumia of Bryn Mawr, Pa. is working on a method of controlling the temperature, acidity and sugar content of blood. He thinks he may be able to preserve it for nine weeks, thus tripling the nation's stockpiled supply.

There is no chance of making whole blood artificially. It contains many delicate chemicals, each of which fills some requirement of the body. Its living cells cannot be duplicated. If the patient has been bleeding seriously, either internally or externally, he needs the corpuscles as well as the fluid. Radiation damage often impairs the victim's ability to manufacture new blood corpuscles. In an atom-bomb attack, tens of thousands of such cases would need whole blood—and nothing else would do.

Whittling Away

Dr. Charles S. Cameron, scientific director of the American Cancer Society, said last week:

"There is reason to believe that cancer will not be undone by a bolt from the blue, by any dramatic and decisive breakthrough, but rather will it give way before persistent research . . . We must resign ourselves to whittling away at this mass of mystery, and gradually, imperceptibly, the truth will emerge, so that a historian of the future . . . will not be able to fix the day or the month or the year when victory was achieved."

A Star Is Born

A new drug, like a new movie star, is nurtured with care. It is "discovered" (often by a noncommercial scientist); it wins a contract with a drug manufacturer, who usually changes its name. It gets an advance buildup in medical and drug trade journals. At last, when ready to meet the public, it is launched on its career with a splash of publicity.

The new drug, Kutrol,* launched last

He was playing with the door handle . . .



(Based on Hartford Claim #70 AL 17119)

One day last year I went for a drive with a friend. Her three-year-old boy was with us, riding in the back seat. As we were rolling along, the child got to playing with a rear door handle. Suddenly the door swung open and dragged the little fellow right out of the car.

I was sick with fear when I saw his limp body sprawled by the road. We rushed him to a doctor and, I'm thankful to say, found that he wasn't seriously hurt. There were some bills for his medical care and though *I wasn't at fault*, my Hartford Automobile Insurance paid them all, under its wonderful Medical Payments feature. The Hartford would have paid as much as \$500; my policy covers anyone who gets hurt while in my car up to that amount*—even me!

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week by Parke, Davis & Co. (the M-G-M of pharmaceuticals) as a cure for peptic (stomach) ulcers, has passed through all these stages. It was developed by Dr. David J. Sandweiss of Harper Hospital, Detroit, who had noted that pregnancy, for some unknown reason, gives almost certain relief to women with peptic ulcers (TIME, Aug. 15, 1949). Since 80% of all ulcer sufferers are men, who cannot benefit from pregnancy, Dr. Sandweiss prepared an extract of the urine of pregnant mares. He named it "antihione" (Greek for anti-ulcer), and made a hopeful but guarded report.

The young druzlet was signed by Parke, Davis, refined, improved, renamed, fitted for the market. When its great moment came last week, great newspapers told about it. Four Kutrol Kapsels (capsules) a day, said Parke, Davis, will keep peptic ulcers away. Cost: 50¢ a capsule.

Parke, Davis, in its publicity release, tells how the new drug was used on 23 ulcer patients who had not responded to conventional treatment. Twenty-two of them were wholly free of ulcer craters in three to six weeks. The 23rd responded too, but relapsed after discontinuing the pills. The proof is still thin, even for a newcomer drug. Kutrol will not win lasting pharmaceutical stardom until it has scored many more hits in the stomachs of ulcermen.

For Longer Legs

Even when a child escapes the worst ravages of polio, he is sometimes left with one leg shorter than the other. Surgeons have long sought some sure method for evening up such legs. The most popular practice has been to arrest growth of the normal leg with staples (TIME, Feb. 7, 1949) until the shortened one has a chance to catch up. This method has been highly successful, but many parents will not permit it ("My child already has one bad leg; for heaven's sake, don't tamper with his good one").

Last week Dr. Charles N. Pease of Chicago's Children's Memorial Hospital told a meeting of orthopedic surgeons about an operation he has been using. Instead of retarding growth in a sound leg, he tries to make the diseased one grow faster. In his preliminary report, Dr. Pease did not advance his method as either new or a sure thing, but he has used it successfully on 18 children.

The Pease technique is based on the fact that a foreign object lodged in a bone (or any part of the body) causes irritation which results in increased circulation in the region. In a minor operation, Pease bores a hole in the bone of a stunted leg about one-half inch from the epiphyseal plate (the layer of growing cells near the end of a bone) and inserts a small screw. A screw of almost any material will cause enough irritation to promote circulation, but Dr. Pease prefers ivory because it is eventually absorbed by the body. Under the stimulus of increased circulation, bones of younger children begin to grow faster in a matter of months.

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For 100 years the Illinois Central has made Mid-America's life its own ... carrying the products of farm, mine and factory to market and bringing back the needs of daily life.

But the Illinois Central believes, and always has, in looking beyond transportation. For the well-being of every farm, factory, mine, forest and person is the root from which our own well-being springs. For example—

... The Illinois Central opened the first shaft coal mine in Illinois, helped make coal the power around which industrial Mid-America has grown.

... The Illinois Central carried the first refrigerated rail-shipment of perishable fruit, helped launch a new agricultural development that puts fresh fruits on every table the year 'round.

... Today the Illinois Central helps farmers grow better crops and raise finer livestock. And each year it seeks sites for new industries to help swell community payrolls.

Through all these years the Illinois Central has worked to keep itself sturdy and progressive. It has created a strong financial foundation—to pave the way for needed improvements and to meet and handle emergencies as they arise.

Faith in Mid-America started the Illinois Central on its way a century ago. That faith has continued, unquenched. Today we believe that Mid-America is the nation's new frontier of opportunity ... for the individual, for industry and for commerce.

With this future before us, we are determined that the Illinois Central shall continue to *earn*, by useful work and constant helpfulness, the honor of being "good neighbor" to all Mid-America.

Frederick M. Smith President



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EDUCATION

Stick to Four

Is this the time to speed up college courses from four years to three? Last week seven of the most influential campuses in the U.S. said no in a joint statement. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, M.I.T., Tufts and Brown took the position that World War II's accelerated schedule was "highly unsatisfactory and . . . justified only under war conditions." So far, said the seven, the U.S. is neither "engaged in a global war nor committed to total mobilization."

M.I.T. in the Money

M.I.T. triumphantly reported the success of a fund drive: \$25 million raised in two years—actually \$5,000,000 beyond the target. In the same breath, M.I.T. announced a new drive.

Over the next five years, said President James Killian, M.I.T. would need "at least another \$10 million," and it might not be a bad idea to aim for \$20 million. He thought M.I.T. had better start going after it right away.

Biggest recent gift came from Old Grad Alfred P. Sloan Jr., creator of General Motors and *doyen* of U.S. business—\$5,250,000 for a School of Industrial Management, blueprinted by Sloan.

Whatnot at Harvard

Harvard has a new tree. *sans* root, fruit or leaf. Overnight it sprang to its full height of 27 feet in the new graduate-center quadrangle. Walter Gropius, famed professor in Harvard's department of architecture, designed the center and commissioned the tree from Richard Lippold, a Manhattan sculptor. Constructed of steel rods, it is intended to represent nothing less than "the world."

The tree moved one alumnus to send a bit of protesting doggerel to the Harvard *Crimson*:

*I think that I shall never see
A poem weird as a world tree
A tree to brighten every meal
With fragrant boughs of stainless
steel . . .
Of all the thoughts of Mr. Gropius,
This cosmic hatrack is the dopius.*

Lippold was moved to give an earnest explanation of his brainchild: "The center of this construction is actually designed around a sphere. The 'transparency' of the sphere gives opportunity to visualize such inner tensions as activate all aspects of earthly life: personal, social and international. Out of these inner relationships, the bursting of stem and branches from this 'World-Seed' resolved the whole conception into a treelike form, suggesting continuing growth. Thus, this piece is really a 'World-Tree,' its four branches reaching to the four main points of the compass, its trunk in the earth and its extremities still growing, uncompleted, in space. It is related also to those objects in our modern landscape, like antennae, which make the



Louise Lippold
GROPIUS-INSPIRED TREE
The steel is full of hope and faith.

quickest communication with all points of the earth; and it is based on the steel technology of our time as surely as were the pyramids in the age of stone, or totem poles in a culture of wood construction. The shining radiance of the steel and the upward-growing forms are full of hope and faith . . ."

As for practical advice: "The piece would enjoy an annual polishing with Bon Ami cleanser, probably as a rite at the vernal equinox, and it will not resent being inhabited by one or two contemplative beings. Enjoy it!"



THIS IMMEMORIAL SCENE happened to take place in Brooklyn last week, though variants of it have been occurring as long as there have been ice, schoolbooks and schoolboys. Stanley Schwartz, 11, has just completed Phase 1—jettison schoolbooks—to bring off the best possible Phase 2—a four-point instead of a one-point landing.

Farewell to Chicago

In the Gothic chapel of the Rockefeller-founded University of Chicago one night last week, Robert Hutchins made his farewell address, before swinging off for good to his new job with the Ford Foundation (*TIME*, Jan. 1). His words were not new to those who knew his record, and he did not mean them to be so; he just wanted to do a little summing-up. Said Hutchins:

"We have been struggling here to create a model university . . . A model university at this time is necessarily at war with the public, for the public has little or no idea what a university is, or what it is for . . ."

"The whole doctrine that we must adjust ourselves to our environment, which I take to be the prevailing doctrine of American education, seems to be radically erroneous. Our mission here on earth is to change our environment, not to adjust ourselves to it. If we have to choose between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote, let us by all means choose Don Quixote . . ."

"One of the most interesting questions about the higher learning in America is this: Why is it that the boy or girl who on June 15 receives his degree, eager, enthusiastic, outspoken, idealistic, reflective, and independent, is on the following Sept. 15, or even June 16, except at Chicago,* dull, uninspiring, shifty, pliable and attired in a double-breasted, blue serge suit? The answer must lie in the relative weakness of the higher education, compared with the forces that make everybody think and act like everybody else. Those forces beat upon the individual from birth . . . and constitute the [school's] greatest obstacle . . ."

"I hope that you will follow the example of your university. I still think, as I have thought for many years, that the motto of the university should be that line from Walt Whitman:

*"Solitary, singing in the West,
I strike up for a New World."*

Afterwards, there was a brief reception, orange punch, handshakes. By 11 p.m. it was all over. Said a coed: "The glory has departed."

Ferment at Oxford

"Would it be possible," asked the note in the student suggestion box at Oxford's oldest women's college, "to serve beer in hall?" The note put Lady Margaret Hall in a ferment.

"Beer is essentially a man's drink," wrote six irate dries in a counter-petition. "The picture of women in the senior women's college attempting to sink their pints would be pathetic and ridiculous." Nonsense, cried a wet: "It's about time we had some equality with men."

Last week Lucy Sutherland, principal of Lady Margaret, sided with the wets. From now on, Lady Margaret's girls may sink their pints just like undergrads at Oxford's 23 colleges for men.

* Hutchins, humor.



FAMOUS ARCHITECT SELECTS DAY-BRITE

Harris Armstrong of St. Louis, one of the nation's ranking architects, can't afford to guess when he selects building equipment and materials. He's critical. He's demanding. He insists on knowing which products will best carry out his beautifully conceived plans.

Mr. Armstrong selected Day-Brite "Boxco Type" troffers to furnish the artificial lighting in the offices and corridors of his magnificent American Stove Company building in St. Louis. Says Mr. Armstrong, "Actually, the selection of lighting fixtures was a simple matter. Day-Brite was the natural choice."

And in thousands of other places where premium lighting performance at reasonable cost is a "must"—in schools, offices, stores, factories—Day-Brite, the most famous name in lighting, is the natural choice, too.

Day-Brite Lighting, Inc., 5472 Bulwer Ave., St. Louis 7, Missouri. In Canada: Amalgamated Electric Corp., Ltd., Toronto 6, Ontario. Distributed nationally by leading electrical wholesalers.

In the offices of the American
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PREMIUM QUALITY
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"DECIDEDLY BETTER"
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MEDRICH-BLESSING

Easy Does It

Clarence Barnhart was so fed up with dictionaries that he decided to put together a new one of his own. He was quite clear about what he wanted to avoid: out-of-date talk and learned impenetrability in general. It infuriates him, for instance, to see *agate* defined as "a variegated chalcedony, having its colors arranged in stripes." That sort of definition, says he, is like "thrusting calculus at a fellow who has only a learning of algebra."

This week, after three years' work with a staff of 28, Barnhart published a dictionary with no calculus at all. The new *Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary* (Doubleday; \$2.75) has 80,000 words, looks and weighs about the same as other volumes of its kind. But



LEXICOGRAPHER BARNHART
Bad; wrong; sinful; wicked."

the way the 80,000 words were chosen and defined is something new in lexicography.

Barnhart based his choices on the research of the late E. L. Thorndike of Columbia University, who counted millions of words in books, magazines and newspapers, then rated each one according to how often it was used. Later, Thorndike's students counted the meanings of each word, alone or in simple combinations (e.g., *set* has 544), and ranked those according to frequency. Despite all the counting, standard dictionary-makers kept right on printing the oldest definition of any word first, whether it is archaic or not.

To Barnhart, this "historical" method in an ordinary desk dictionary seems absurd. A *bank*, says he, is not first of all "the table or counter of a money-changer" as Webster's *New Collegiate Dictionary* lists it. In Barnhart's book, it is "an institution for keeping, lending, exchanging, and issuing money."

By the same token, Barnhart never defines a word with others more complicated

or rare. *Adjoin* is not "to lie contiguous to," but "be next to"; *adventurous* is not "prone to embark on hazardous enterprises," but "ready to take risks"; *shake* is not "to be agitated with irregular vibratory motion," but to "move quickly backwards and forwards, up and down, or from side to side"; *remainder* is not "residue; residuum; remnant," but "the part left over."

Readers of Barnhart's dictionary will not get a definition of the adjective *evil* that begins: "Injurious, mischievous." He speaks right up: "Bad; wrong; sinful; wicked." As for *agate*, he suppresses "a variegated chalcedony" and makes it "a variety of quartz . . ."

Trouble with Trouble

Trend spotters have long been convinced that U.S. spelling is going to the dogs. Last week a professor proved it, with figures.

Fred Ayer of the University of Texas tested high-school students in 82 cities, then reached back to 1915 for comparison. Sample findings: in 1915, high-school students had no trouble with *trouble*, but nowadays, 9% manage to spell it wrong; almost everybody used to get *loose* right, but 23% mull it now. Misspellers of business have jumped from 6% in 1915 to 24% today; of independent from 12% to 28%; of stomach, from 6% to 22%.

Why? Partly, says Ayer, because high schools now carry along a lot of low I.Q.s who used to drop out at grade-school level. But more important: elementary schools spend less time on spelling, often do not teach it as a separate subject at all. Says Ayer: "Children are taught to read by phrases and whole sentences, and they aren't taught that each word represents an idea. Perhaps it's good for reading, but it's bad for spelling."

Power Through Speech

Twenty-one members of the Massachusetts legislature—Republicans to a man—turned out last week for night courses at Brookline's Staley College of the Spoken Word.

Was it a gag? Far from it. Explained one G.O.P. legislator: "It used to be that when the Republicans had control of the House we'd let the Democrats do the talking, and we'd get the votes. But now the Democrats have control, and we've got to find a way to be more effectual."

The first lesson in effectuality was *Ricci to the Romans*, from Mary Russell Mitford's old 1838 melodrama. Charles Gibbons, co. minority leader of the lower house, veteran of five terms, hardly got through the first line. "Friends," he began, his hands outstretched in appeal, "I come not here to talk."

"Keep your hands at your side!" cried his Staley College professor. "Speak up! Straighten up!"

Gibbons straightened up, raised his voice. "The bright sun rises to his course," he continued, "and lights a race of slaves!" The professor stopped him again: "Where does the sun rise? Show us!"

"A race of slaves," Gibbons repeated.

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"He sets, and his last beams fall on a slave."

"But where does the sun set?" shouted the professor. "Don't point till you've looked to make sure it's there." The Republicans had a lot to learn.

Politicians and would-be ones have been rapping on Delbert Moyer Staley's door since 1900.

Almost the first student Staley had was a young ward worker named James Michael Curley, later famed as mayor, congressman, governor and convicted criminal. "He had the harsh Boston voice," recalls Delbert Staley, "and the vocabulary of a fishmonger. But I straightened out his grammar, gave him a vocabulary, and trained his voice," Curley, says Staley



James P. Coyne

ORATOR STALEY

"Don't wobble like a hog!"

proudly, is "the greatest American orator since Daniel Webster."

To become an orator, a student must plow through dozens of speeches, from *Rienzi* to Wendell Phillips' *Toussaint L'Ouverture*. "Learning these speeches puts forms into your head," says Staley. "Instead of saying, 'I am about to tell you the story of a Negro. Toussaint L'Ouverture,' one can paraphrase, 'I am about to tell you the story of a man, James Michael Curley, gleaned from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, the knaves who despised him because he defeated them.'"

As the new semester began last week, Founder Staley gave the new class his usual thunder. "I want every person in this room to sit up!" he bellowed. "Get your chests out! Don't wobble like a hog... Breathe deeply... Breathe! Smile! Smile! Repeat after me—Ha! Ha!"

"Ha! Ha!" repeated the class.

"Hee! Hee!"

"Hee! Hee!"

"Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!"

Other notable old students: John W. McCormack (now majority leader of the House of Representatives), Elsie Janis, Robert Ripley.

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RADIO & TV

Eyewitness

Mrs. Sophie Eisenberg, an ardent hockey fan, was engrossed in a telecast from Madison Square Garden of a game between Montreal's Canadiens and the New York Rangers. She was particularly interested, she said later in federal court, because her friend and fellow fan, Jonas Walvisch, had promised to wave to her from a front-row seat. On her 10-inch screen, said Mrs. Eisenberg, she saw Canadiens' Player Emile Bouchard clout Jonas on the head with a hockey stick just as her friend leaned forward to wave. Asked the defendant's attorney: "Did you wave back?" Answered Mrs. Eisenberg: "Of course not."

Mrs. Eisenberg made history of a sort by being the first television eyewitness allowed to testify in federal court. But she was of little help last week to Plaintiff Jonas Walvisch in his suit for \$75,000 damages: he lost the case.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Feb. 9. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Time to Share (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). A documentary on overseas relief.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Siegfried*, with Helen Traubel and Set Svanholm.

Boy Scout Jamboree (Sat. 4 p.m., NBC). Guests: Bob Hope, James Stewart, Roy Rogers.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 1 p.m., CBS). The Brahms cycle (cont'd).

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Ginger Rogers and Lee Tracy in *Within the Law*.

Hollywood Star Playhouse (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Wendell Corey in *Time to Kill*.

Telephone Hour (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). Pianist Robert Casadesu.

Boxing (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS Radio & TV). Jake La Motta v. Sugar Ray Robinson, for the middleweight championship.

TELEVISION

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse (Fri. 9 p.m., ABC). *Broken Dishes*, with James Dunn. NBC Opera (Sun. 3 p.m., NBC). Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*.

Meet the Press (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC). Governor Thomas E. Dewey.

Mr. I. Magination (Sun. 6:30 p.m., CBS). *Abe Lincoln*.

Showtime . . . U.S.A. (Sun. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Guests: Raymond Massey, Celeste Holm, Jean Sabin.

Philco TV Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). *Kitty Doane*, with Valerie Bettis.

Half-Pint Party (Mon. 4:45 p.m., ABC). A new children's show.

Lux Video Theater (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, with Raymond Massey.

Alan Young Show (Thurs. 9 p.m., CBS). Guest: Mercedes McCambridge.

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You create your own music on the wonderful Hammond Organ: warm, colorful, bold, quiet, simple, rich. Music to fit your mood and renew you for your role in life. All the sounds of great music—from the whisper of strings to the boast of the brasses—leap to life beneath your fingertips.

You needn't know a note

You, yourself, without ever having had a lesson, can learn to play simple but effective music on the Hammond Organ in less than a month. Thousands have already done it.

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When a Hammond Organ comes into a home, the family builds its fun around it.

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A spare four feet square is large enough

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Wt. c. b. Chicago

RELIGION

A Lot of Church

In his drafty, kerosene-lit shack, the Rev. Harrison Galloway, 85, sat relaxed and in a good humor one day last week as he waited for a man to bring him \$85,000 in cash.

"I was born a slave baby in 1865, down in Orange County, Virginia," he said. "I started preaching when I was 15."

About 35 years ago, Baptist Pastor Galloway moved to the sparsely populated farm country of Arlington, Va., and bought himself an acre of land for \$100. First he built a shack to live in. Then he built a frame church, with a small pool handy so that everybody could get baptized "good and proper." But Arlington



J. G. Zimmerman

PASTOR GALLOWAY
Waiting for cash and bricks.

eventually passed a law prohibiting frame churches, so Pastor Galloway sadly tore his church down.

For a while he preached on Sundays in the open air, but nobody came, and he retired to his shack, his vegetables, his geese and three cats.

Meanwhile, rural Arlington began to boom as a suburb of booming Washington. When a \$10 million Hecht department store began to go up with its back adjoining his shack, property in the neighborhood jumped as high as \$7 a square foot, and smooth-talking gentlemen in well-pressed clothes began knocking on Pastor Galloway's door.

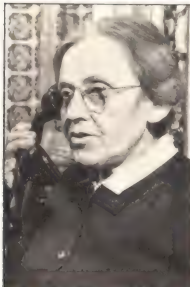
He has turned down offers of \$55,000 in cash for his acre, and \$85,000 in stocks & bonds. "I'm not going to sell until I get \$85,000 cash and six months to vacate," he says. What will he do with the money when he gets it? "I'm going to build a church—a brick church this time. You can build an awful lot of church for \$85,000."

Lord Jesus Will Answer

DISCOURAGED? CALL DI 0614.

This familiar classified ad in the Washington *News* sent a despondent man to the phone in the dead of night. To the woman's voice that answered, he said: "I was intending to commit suicide tonight, and a friend told me to call you first." The warm voice at the other end began to pray. After a bit of prayer and a blessing, the would-be suicide felt unaccountably better. He mumbled his thanks and hung up.

The voice that answers at DI 0614 belongs to a short, 70-year-old woman with straggly grey hair, restless hands and a tranquil face. For the past four years, Julia A. Shelhamer, widow of a Free Methodist evangelist, has lived in her mission—a row-house in one of Washington's worst slums. With the help of two assistant min-



J. G. Zimmerman

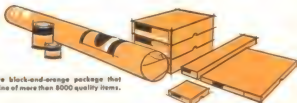
JULIA SHELHAMER
Waiting for a call.

isters, their wives and her own 77-year-old sister, she conducts church and Sunday school services, plus a full schedule of community activities, for a congregation that is about half Negro, half white. "Sometimes," she says, "there are just ten or twelve people; other times we're packed and jammed." Last Thanksgiving she fed 1,000 people.

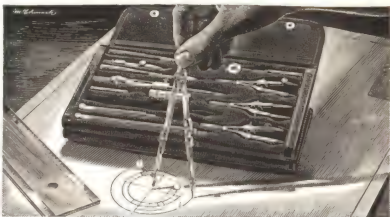
Her latest undertaking began about eight months ago after Mrs. Shelhamer heard of the suicide of a prominent Washingtonian. "I just walked around the house and prayed. I didn't even kneel. 'Lord Jesus,' I said, 'why couldn't I contact some of these people before they commit suicide?'" A newspaperman wrote the classified ad for her and paid to run it daily for three months. Her telephone seems to have been ringing steadily ever since. One Sunday, the busiest day, she got 110 calls.

Some of her telephone consultations have dramatically happy endings. One young man who poured out his troubles to her is now studying for the ministry. A

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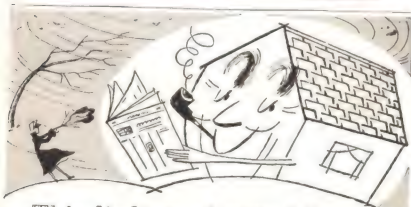
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to Ruberoid Tite-On roofs was reported. This record has been repeated in every major storm in the U.S. for the past 18 years in over half a million applications. Tite-On's ingenious interlocking design was pioneered by Ruberoid to provide a virtually windproof, weather-proof roof . . . just one more example of Ruberoid research and development of asphalt and asbestos roofing and siding materials for farm, home and industry.

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young wife, ready for Reno because of her husband's interest in "a yellow-headed girl," was guided through to a reconciliation. All Julia Shelhamer knows about most of the people who call her is that they seem to get real help from her sure faith and reassuring words: "I know the Lord will answer prayer. Will you pray with me? If you will only confess your sins, God will take that sin away and remove the feeling of guilt . . ."

Popular Passion

"Pretended miracles" and "presumed visions" have been getting far too much attention lately, warned Msgr. Alfredo Ottaviani of the Holy Office, in the Vatican's official *L'Osservatore Romano*:

"Throngs of the faithful go to the scene of presumed visions and pretended miracles and desert the church, the sacraments and the sermon.

"The period through which we are going is between two excesses: open and implacable lack of religion or boundless and blind religiosity. The church, persecuted by one, compromised by the other, only repeats her motherly warning; but her words are unheard among the denials from one and the exaltations of the other."

Among many current examples of the popular passion, Msgr. Ottaviani cited last summer's alleged apparitions of the Virgin to Mrs. Mary Anna Van Hoof at Necedah, Wis.

Moral Courage

For 38 years, the Roman Catholic Laymen's Retreat League of Philadelphia has held an annual retreat for men near the little Pennsylvania town of Malvern. So popular have these spiritual refreshers become that last year the league held them in installments for a total of 11,88 men. Last week, the annual dinner of the Men of Malvern[®] heard New York City's house-cleaning Police Commissioner Thomas F. Murphy, a Catholic, pay tribute to Quaker Whittaker Chambers.

Said Murphy: "In my opinion, one of the bravest of all Americans, and one of the most gallant, was Whittaker Chambers. Consider the agony and humiliation to which he submitted himself . . . Chambers could have remained silent. In silence he could have protected the \$30,000-a-year position he held . . . his wife and two lovely children, who forever must bear the scars of that dreadful experience. And silence would have protected him from the devilishly clever smear campaign launched against him by Communists and their dupes in this country . . ."

"Whittaker Chambers has few equals in moral bravery, or physical bravery. And all of his charges have proved true . . . I have unabated admiration for him, and I never let the opportunity escape to tell such a gathering as this the true story of his magnificent service to our country."

* Seven miles from Valley Forge, where Washington in 1778 knelt in prayer for his ragged army.

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● You'll wear a flower lei to a luau ... intriguing South Sea feast. You'll see true island hulas danced under a tropical moon. You'll watch the people who first carved out surfboards ride them off Waikiki.



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ART



THE NUDE & THE CHESS PLAYER
For 30 years, stalemated.

Bonanza for Philadelphia

That landmark of modern art, Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase*, found its final resting place last week: the Philadelphia Museum. What's more, a prime version of another historymaker, Brancusi's abstract sculpture, *Bird in Space*, alighted in the same spot. These headlines were just a part of one of the most superb School-of-Paris collections ever made, the 1,000-item, \$2,000,000 life-work of Walter Arensberg, 72, rich California scholar, and his wife Louise. Their collection, which fills their servantless Los Angeles house from floor to ceiling (and which includes pre-Columbian sculpture), will move to Philadelphia as soon as the museum readies 10 new rooms for it.

The Arensbergs bought fine works by almost every pioneer modern artist, but they cherish especially fervent views of Duchamp and Brancusi.

Duchamp sold three-fourths of his output to them, and him they deem to be "the Giorgione of the 20th Century . . . He remains the unknown soldier of the war for modern art, perhaps because of the smallness of his output." Soldier Duchamp fought his last battle with a piece of canvas some 30 years ago, gave up painting to pursue a greater passion: chess. He has since (TIME, Oct. 31, 1949) become a fair player.

Brancusi, at 74, still labors in a Paris studio, squeezing out streamlined shapes that merely puzzle most people. To the unsympathetic eye, his *Bird* resembles a propeller blade, his *Torso of a Young Man* looks like a drainpipe, and his *Sculpture for the Blind* is strictly for the blind. Walter Arensberg has one of the most respectable explanations of Brancusi's work ever offered. Brancusi, he says, sculpts what Plato had in mind by the idea of form: "Plato's idea" is the archetype from which the infinite forms of nature derive,

and it is in that sense that the works of Brancusi relate to what they represent."

The Arensbergs thought of giving their collection to the Los Angeles County Museum, Stanford, U.C.L.A. and Harvard. The main trouble was space. This soon narrowed the possibilities to a few of the country's major museums.

Curator of Paintings Henry Clifford, whose Philadelphia Museum is celebrating its 75th anniversary this year, looked happy as a cat that has swallowed a cubist canary. He called the Arensbergs' gift "possibly the most intense single grouping of 20th Century art ever made."

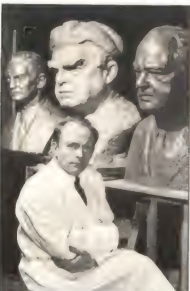
Luster for Cleveland

The Cleveland Museum is celebrating its 35th anniversary the hard way, with a well-calculated buying spree. Since the first of the year, Cleveland has bought four Venetian masterpieces: Lotto's *Portrait of a Nobleman*, Veronese's *The Annunciation*, Tintoretto's magnificent *Baptism of Christ*, and a hitherto unknown Titian entitled *Portrait of a Prelate*. Put on exhibition last week, the four Venetians gave new luster to a museum that was already one of the nation's best.

Knife, Bayonet, Chisel

Niilo Kalervo Kallio started playing with *puukkoilla* (Finnish for knives) while he was still in short pants. "What old men can whittle I could whittle before I was ten," he says. "I loved my *puukko* so much that when I went to bed I'd put it under my pillow and pray I would some day have the sharpest knife in the world."

During Finland's gallant, hopeless "winter war" of 1939-40, Kallio traded his knife for a bayonet, went after the Russian invaders as a private. His father, Kyösti Kallio, was President of Finland.



KALLIO & BUSTS
Praise & petrification.



THE BIRD & BRANCUSI
Just plonetic.

When at the war's end the President died, the son carved a seven-ton monument to his memory. In 1949, sculptor's chisel in hand, he emigrated to freedom.

Today, at 41, Kallio is one of America's top portrait sculptors. He first gained fame in Washington with a posthumous portrait of James Forrestal, which now stands in the Mall entrance to the Pentagon. Kallio read everything he could find about Forrestal, decided he resembled "a character in the *Kalevala* [Finland's national epic] who worked hard all his life, was good, and finally stabbed himself."

Pink-faced and wiry, with a sculptor's heavy hands, Kallio specializes in highly dramatic likenesses. Petrified history, not self-expression, is his province, and he commands it well. Last week he had completed a bust of Herbert Hoover, was rounding out his portraits of Alben Barkley ("a very kind man"), Warren Austin ("he lives by what he says"), and John L. Lewis ("a very strong man").

After one more sitting, his scowling Lewis will be ready to cast in bronze. Big, vain John loves it. After a recent sitting he took a good, hard look; then he gripped Kallio's shoulder and rumbled: "Thank you, my boy."

Be Kind

Until last week, museums were generally unkind to Thomas Hart Benton and Benton was unkind to museums. They resemble graveyards, he remarked ten years ago, "run by a pretty boy with delicate wrists and a swing in his gait . . . Nobody goes to museums. I'd like to sell [my paintings] to saloons . . ."

Billy Rose took the tough-talking Missourian up on that notion, hung Benton's nude *Persephone* in his Diamond Horseshoe for three months. Last week a mellower Benton mildly announced that he was lending the same painting to Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum for exhibition in March. Saloons, he has decided, "are too unstable. Besides, there are too many women in them now."

✻ They also cherish and promote the all-but-hopeless view that Bacon wrote Shakespeare

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

WALL STREET

Fission & Fizz

The big bull market last week reached a goal that market seers have predicted for two years might be the top. The goal: 250 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, a rise of 56 points since the slump after the outbreak of the Korean war. But after hitting 250, stocks kept right on rising, and at week's end the market hit 253.92, highest point since June of 1930. This week despite the tax bill and rail strike (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the market rang up still another new high of 255.17. The upsurge was so impressive that even the seers are now chary of saying how high the market may go.

What swept the market along was a wave of stock splits, which always make the market more inviting. On the same day that Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) announced plans to give stockholders 2 shares for 1, the stock jumped $\frac{1}{2}$ to 100 $\frac{1}{2}$. Next day Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway proposed a similar split, and its common soared $\frac{1}{2}$ to 165. All told, there were a dozen stock splits or stock dividends proposed or approved last week. Only a week before, three big oil companies—Phillips, Gulf and Texas—had split their shares 2 for 1, adding a whopping total of 31,184,000 shares to the Big Board's trading list. And last week Standard Oil of California stockholders approved a 2-for-1 split.

If stock splits help push the market higher, a high market is also the cause of stock splits. In the bull market, many stocks have climbed too high to be popular, i.e., above \$50 a share. As a result, during 1950, by splitting the stocks, corporations have cut the price and broadened the ownership. General Motors gained 10,439 new stockholders last year after the 2-for-1 split, which gave it the world's biggest stock issue (\$8,208,680). Standard Oil's split, if approved, will give it some 60,500,000 shares.

DECLARATION OF HOMEBUILDERS

Without an all-out attack on waste, there is no use hoping that increased production alone can meet America's tremendous need for arms. The only alternative to a drastic reduction in the American standard of living is a still more drastic reduction in the American standard of waste.

We believe that such an all-out attack on waste could achieve amazing results in almost every sector of the economy. We are certain it could achieve amazing results in our own industry. We are satisfied that these great savings and economies in home building can be effected without any real sacrifice in the quality and livability of the finished house.

Some of these economies would express themselves in dollars, and thus contribute importantly to the fight against inflation. They would give the home-buying public better value, now and after the emergency. The more waste we take out of the house, the more quality and livability we can build into it.

We are all agreed that these savings could easily run 20%; if all obstructions are removed they could reach 30% or even 40%. Sacrificing nothing but waste, it should still be possible to build a better house with 50% less cast-iron pipe, 50% less cement, far less lumber, far less gypsum, far less steel. In other words, an all-out attack on waste could save more critical materials and more critical manpower than could be saved by a drastic further cut in housing starts.

CONTROLS

Heat & Thaw

Big Labor was in high dudgeon last week over the handling of mobilization. To Washington officials stormed the A.F.L.'s William Green and the C.I.O.'s Philip Murray to file their complaints. They saw President Truman, Mobilizer Charles Wilson and Economic Stabilizer Eric Johnston, whose big hello and sympathetic ear did little to calm them

ray, was now one wage round ahead of the A.F.L. and C.I.O. But the stabilizers had a soothing answer to that. They were hard at work on a general wage thaw to permit other unions to get roughly the same raise as the coal miners.

There were other hitches in the first week of the freeze. In Manhattan, futures trading in rubber, hides, metals and cotton was stopped because nobody knew how to operate under the freeze. Because raw wool and cotton were still uncon-



GREEN, JOHNSTON & MURRAY
The proposition: full-time.

Associated Press

down. The mobilization program, grumbled Green and Murray, was being run by big business. To this, both Johnston and Wilson had an answer: they were willing to give a top union leader a top job if he took it on full-time just as the many businessmen in Washington have done. But so far, there were no takers.

Green and Murray also thought that John L. Lewis, bitter foe of the Administration, was getting preferential treatment. Their evidence: last week the Government thawed out its wage freeze to permit Lewis' coal miners to get a \$1.60-a-day raise under their new contract signed before the freeze deadline (a coal price boost of 25¢ to 90¢ a ton was also permitted). Lewis, said Green and Mur-

trolled, makers of wool and cotton goods refused to take orders. They knew how much they could charge under the freeze—but they didn't know how they could make money at those prices in the future while raw materials soared.* Many a retailer was in the same boat. Said a San Francisco grocer: "I'm selling coffee for 83¢ a pound, but now that I'm restocking I find that I have to pay 86¢ for it myself."

The biggest gripe from businessmen came from those who had gone along with the Government's voluntary rollback in December, then found themselves frozen at lower levels than their competitors. Price Boss Mike DiSalle hoped to fix that too by a new kind of price freeze based on pre-Korea profit margins rather than specific prices. This would permit businessmen to raise prices to meet rising costs. At week's end, it looked as if the "freeze" would not keep wages & prices from going up, but merely slow the rise.

BUILDING

More for Less

In a thoroughly detailed report, opening with a ringing declaration (see box), a group of technical experts in the home-building industry and Government last week gave notice to all concerned that the people of the U.S. can have better homes at 20%, 30%, and even 40% less cost than now. These percentages measure the waste caused by out-of-date methods, irra-

* To avoid similar confusion in defense goods (an estimated 18% of total U.S. production for the next fiscal year), the Government last week exempted them from the price freeze.

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tional building codes, featherbedding, etc.

The report is published in the current issue of *The Magazine of BUILDING*. It is based on a brass-tacks, technical round table* held under the sponsorship of that magazine. The report has already received unanimous endorsement from the heads of every important U.S. building association, including architects, home builders, mortgage bankers, savings and loan leagues, producers and retail lumber dealers. Said the round table: "Without the pressure of some national emergency, the home-buying public might well have to go on year after year paying billions of dollars extra as the price of these wastes . . . [Now] we hope obvious reforms which might otherwise be delayed a half century can be put into immediate effect." If the building industry can cut its own notorious wastes, it will help transform the economic life of the nation.

Some of the specific examples cited by the round table:

¶ Most cities' plumbing codes require twice as much pipe as the new national code, and most cities' electrical codes are equally wasteful.

¶ More than a billion dollars a year could be saved by standardizing the industry's crazy quilt of odd sizes of materials.

¶ Foundations required for one-story houses are far in excess of any real need.

¶ Practically every small house is structurally overdesigned (i.e., wastes lumber).

¶ Standard, prefabricated plumbing assemblies could save millions of pounds of pipe and millions of man-hours now wasted piecing together special assemblies.

¶ Ceiling heights and sill heights could be further standardized so that lumber and wallboard producers could supply materials pre-cut to fit.

¶ Millions of pounds of copper wiring, steel pipe and cement are wasted by excessive street widths imposed on most low-cost developments.

The round table hoped these and many other wastes could be cut by voluntary cooperation, but if not, it proposed that the Office of Defense Mobilization and the Defense Production Authority "allocate scarce materials only to projects for which codes, ordinances, union regulations and finance requirements have been brought in line with a national program for minimizing waste."

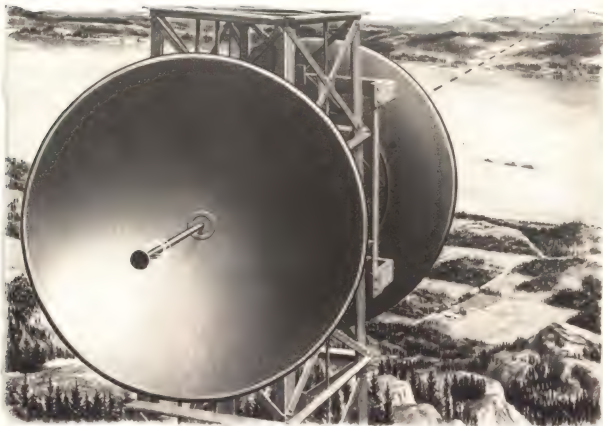
EARNINGS

Full Measure

The first batch of annual reports for 1950 came out last week. They had a 24-carat glitter:

U.S. STEEL CORP. sold more steel (22.6 million tons) than in any other year, netted a thumping \$215 million v. \$165 mil-

* Members included Ralph Walker, president of the American Institute of Architects, Clark Daniel, chairman of the National Association of Home Builders' Design & Construction Committee, James Price, president of the National Homes Corp., Richard Kimbell, technical director of the National Lumber Mfrs. Association, B. L. Wood, director of research for the American Iron & Steel Institute.



What every industrial executive should know about

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And today IT&T is still the recognized leader, with its greatly advanced "pulse time multiplex" method of microwave transmission. If your company is planning to set up, expand or replace its own cross-country communication system, look first to PTM microwave. This versatile, flexible, new method provides for multiple speech channels, unattended telegraph, telemetering, remote control and other signaling. PTM microwave is available through *Federal Telephone and Radio Corporation*, an IT&T manufacturing associate.



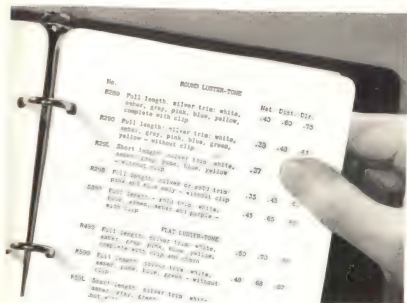
IT&T engineers successfully demonstrate first voice transmission by microwave, Calais to Dover, March 31, 1931.



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lion in 1949. Though sales were 130% above 1917, Big Steel's profits were still slightly below that record World War I year. Reasons: high taxes (\$234 million), skyrocketing costs, provision for an 8% expansion program.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER Co., which boosted its sales of trucks, power equipment and refrigeration products to make up for a slight dip in sales of farm implements and tractors, had a record net of \$66.7 million v. \$61.2 million in 1949.

ALLIED CHEMICAL & DYE CORP., with dozens of new postwar products, including insecticides, weed killers and dyes, set a new earnings record of \$41.2 million v. \$37.1 million in 1949.

UNION CARBIDE & CARBON CORP., which has spent more than \$300 million expanding its Bakelite, chemicals and other divisions since the war, netted a peak \$124.1 million, 26% more than in 1949.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD Co., which ordered during the year more than 20,000 new freight cars, earned \$38.4 million, more than treble 1949's profits, and the best since 1945.

The nation's airlines had their best year in 1950, according to preliminary estimates. Sample: American Airlines, largest domestic carrier, may earn \$1.30 a share v. 79¢ in 1949; United Air Lines, \$3 a share v. 88¢; Trans World Airlines, \$2.50 v. \$1.53; Eastern Air Lines, \$1.50 v. 82¢. This year the airlines are doing even better. It looks as if they will run in the black this winter (normally a money-losing season) for the first time in history.

INDUSTRY

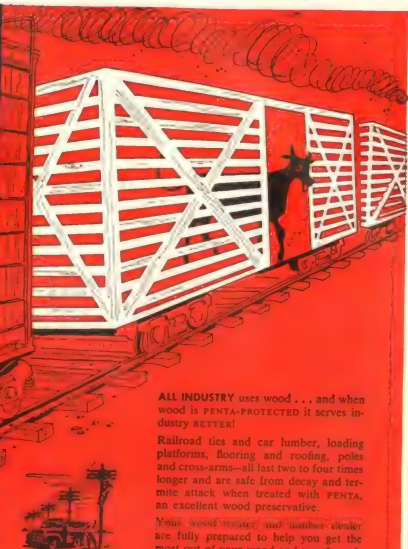
A Stockholder Takes Hold

Like many another small investor, John J. Smith, a 38-year-old accountant, thought he had a winning stock. It was Sparks-Wilmington Co. (Spartan radio and TV sets), right in his own home town of Jackson, Mich. Three years ago Smith bought 500 shares at \$5.50 a share, kept adding to his holdings until he had 2,200. Then he sat back and waited to cash in.

But the stock went down. Though the company grossed \$17 million in fiscal 1949, it netted only \$25,709. The dividend: 10¢ a share. Smith got hopping mad, got hold of Theodore Schofield, biggest stockholder (5,600 shares), who had been fired from the company after 41 years as an engineer. Schofield was mad too. Together, Smith and Schofield formed a coalition to set things right.

Working nights and weekends, they wrote stockholders, charged the management was "inefficient and decadent," and should be tossed out. To round up proxies, Smith flew his secondhand Beechcraft Bonanza plane one-armed around the country (blood poisoning cost him his right arm when a boy). In his whirlwind campaign, Smith spent more than \$6,000—but it paid off. At the stockholders' meeting last October, Smith's group won by 14,000 votes out of the 600,000 cast. Out of the \$25,000-a-year presidency went

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He's the man in the street to most people. Just Mr. Average American—unless he's a broker and you're talking about Wall Street.

Then, the man in the street becomes someone who only wears homburgs, climbs out of Cadillacs, and just talks dividends, debentures, and the Dow-Jones averages.

And that's too bad—because it simply isn't true!

Here at Merrill Lynch, for example, we've got nearly 900 "brokers"—and there's nothing mysterious about them.

We call them Account Executives and they drive more Fords than Cadillacs, wear more fedoras than homburgs. They're young and old, have two children or six—are as much the "man in the street" as anyone you're likely to meet.

Still they do have at least one thing in common: *A sincere desire to help people invest their money as sensibly as possible.*

Naturally, we think they can. They've already been of service to thousands of investors.

If you've got any questions about the securities you own, want more facts about some stock before you buy, or would like us to prepare a complete investment program for you, just ask. There's no charge, whether you're a customer or not.

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Department S-4

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Offices in 97 Cities

Harry G. Sparks, 56, son of the founder. In went Stockholder Smith with the big job of making good on his promises.

Last week President Smith made his first report. In the last half of 1950, said he, Sparks-Withington's sales jumped to \$14 million v. \$8.6 million in the 1949 period. Earnings: \$515,991. Since Smith took over, he has expanded advertising, cut costs, and snagged business that had been going to subcontractors. Smith's new board of directors declared a 20¢ dividend.

PERSONNEL

New Faces

New faces at the top of U.S. industry last week:

¶ **CLIFFORD FRED RASSWEILER**, 51, research scientist, who became vice chairman of Johns-Manville Corp., biggest U.S. maker of asbestos insulation materials. Son of a Methodist minister, Rassweiler worked



Emil Reynolds

CLIFFORD RASSWEILER

He'll tell the Pentagon.

his way through the University of Denver, got his Ph.D. in organic chemistry at the University of Illinois, worked for Du Pont, went to Johns-Manville as research director in 1941, where he developed numerous new products, including the insulating pad used on bazookas to protect the firer's face from burns. As vice chairman, Rassweiler skipped right over Johns-Manville's presidency, which became vacant last week with the retirement of Robert W. Lea. J-M's new president: Leslie M. Cassidy, 46, formerly vice president in charge of sales. Rassweiler's chief job will be to organize and direct a new planning board (under J-M's longtime Chief Executive Lewis H. Brown). Says Rassweiler: "We intend to let the military know what Johns-Manville can make with the tools it has, instead of waiting for them to come to us with orders that we cannot fill."

¶ **MALTRY STEVENS**, 55, president of Inter-

I met New England



"Smart machine," I remarked to the Lieutenant.

"Downtight ingenious, if you ask me," he said. "But then, why shouldn't it be—its brains were made in New England. Electronic brains," he added.

"You talking about research?" I asked.

"Yes and no. New England's got the greatest concentration of top-notch research facilities in the world. But I guess what I mean is the kind of run-of-the-mill ingenuity New England workmen are famous for. Sort of a native knack of knowing how to add quality to any manufacturing process. Amounts to genius on the production line.

"That's one reason why New England's so stable—industrially," he went on. "For a small area we make more diversified products than any other industrial section of the country—220 different products, last I heard. More now, probably, because so many new businesses have moved there."

"Because of this ingenuity you speak of?" I asked.

"That and a few other reasons," he answered. "Electricity, water, transportation—they're as good, perhaps better than anywhere else. New England's also a vacation land—grandest there is! A manufacturer can make money in New England—plenty of it—from 9 to 5. And he also can fish, hunt, swim, ski, have fun and relaxation in dozens of ways."

INVESTIGATE NEW ENGLAND

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national Silver Co., succeeding his brother. Evarts C. Stevens, 65, who was named chairman.

General Electric Co. named three new executive vice presidents,* in a move to decentralize authority. The three: HENRY V. ERBEN, 52, formerly general manager of the apparatus division, who will have charge of heavy industrial equipment; HARDAGE L. ANDREWS, 61, formerly vice president in charge of G.E.'s appliance and merchandise department, who will supervise small industrial equipment; and ROY W. JOHNSON, 45, formerly boss of G.E.'s affiliated manufacturing companies, who will boss appliances and electronics.

GOLD & DIAMONDS

Passing the Scepter

From a massive, block-long building in Johannesburg last week came a discreet announcement that set the trading marts of the world buzzing. Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, the world's king of diamonds and its prime minister of gold, was giving up a bit of his vast suzerainty. At 70, he relinquished directorships in seven of his 30-odd gold-mining companies—a step towards turning over his empire to his son and spit & image, 41-year-old Harry Oppenheimer.

This did not mean that Sir Ernest, last and greatest of South Africa's great "Randlords," was going to take things much easier. In his three-story citadel he would still work his usual 16 hours a day, still sit firmly in the chairmanship of his Anglo American Corp. of South Africa, Ltd., the master holding company through which he has built an economic pyramid of more than 200 companies worth more than \$2.5 billion. They control 15% of the Transvaal's gold production, 43% of its coal, 50% of its explosives, 9% of the world's copper, and a bewildering hodgepodge of enterprises ranging from breakfast foods to railways.

Acres of Diamonds. As chairman of De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., a syndicate of seven companies, Sir Ernest also controls 95% of the world's supply of diamonds, and sees to it that the supply is always less than the demand. As always, war and inflation are now swelling the demand for diamonds, and Sir Ernest's cartel has opened up two idle mines to step up production. The wholesale price of gem diamonds has risen 20% in six months, and U.S. rearmament has sent the price of industrial diamonds (vital for cutting tools) soaring 100% since Korea. Not only capitalists buy diamonds; an "unknown buyer" thought to be the Soviet Union has suddenly started buying all it can in the Belgian markets, presumably to build its own stockpile for machine tools for war.

Sir Ernest, who has one of the world's prize collections of rare diamonds, started learning about stones at 16. The son of a



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* Former Executive Vice President Ralph J. Cordine became president when Charles Wilson left G.E. to boss U.S. mobilization.



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BOTH BOTTLED IN FRANCE 36 PROOF

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middle-class Jewish family in Friedberg, Germany, he went to London to learn the diamond-cutting trade, was sent to South Africa at 22 to look after his London employer's diamond properties. The year was 1902, when Cecil Rhodes, who had formed the De Beers combine out of hundreds of small claims, died murmuring: "So little done, so much to do." Oppenheimer was just the man to do it. He stayed in Kimberley and went into mining on his own.

Shrewd, eager and personable, he was enough of a success by 1917 to be elected Kimberley's mayor at 32 (he was twice re-elected, later went to Parliament). In 1917 he teamed up with an American engineer, William Lincoln Honnold, and, with backing from J. P. Morgan and others, formed Anglo American. While everybody else swarmed to the Central Rand, Oppenheimer tried his luck in the Far East Rand



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SIR ERNEST OPPENHEIMER

Supply is always less than demand.

and struck it rich, did it again 100 miles away where nobody thought there was any gold.

At the end of World War I, Sir Ernest got a five-year exclusive sales contract covering the rich diamond fields of Germany's former colony in South-West Africa. He used this tremendous lever to pry his way into the clam-tight De Beers syndicate. In 1929, after secretly buying up 20% of De Beers' shares, he took over the syndicate. It keeps its tight control of diamonds by persuading any who find new fields to join the syndicate and reap the benefits of its controlled prices.

New Bonanza. Sir Ernest's biggest interest now is not diamonds, but gold, from which Anglo American last year made £11 million (\$30.8 million) profit. His Anglo American is the biggest single holder in the immensely rich new fields of the Orange Free State, and has put up more than half of the £200 million (\$560 million) being spent to develop them. Believing that South Africa must wipe out the

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The job air conditioning and refrigeration can do was made crystal-clear during World War II. Carrier equipment functioned on beachheads and on battle-ships. In plants everywhere, it was a production tool — helping make things *faster, better, cheaper*.

By providing constant temperature and humidity, it kept hundreds of precise parts corrosion-free and to close tolerances — speeding the mass production of aircraft engines.

By cooling brine to 85 degrees below zero, Carrier equipment helped turn out an ever-increasing volume of synthetic rubber.

It preserved food for safe transportation throughout the world. It was vital in the production of radar and optical equipment, electronic devices, synthetic fibers, high-octane gasoline, sulfa, penicillin and scores of other key products.

Most of these wartime applications were merely extensions of our normal business. True, the end result was sometimes different. But the equipment was the same and it had the same job to do.

Right now a lot is being said about defense needs versus civilian needs. Actually, the line between the two is often hard to draw. And this is particularly true in our business.

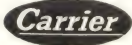
Is air conditioning a textile plant a civilian use of air conditioning? That plant may quickly be required to step up production. For both soldiers and civilians must be clothed.

Is refrigerating a food processing plant a civilian use of refrigeration? The increased output of that plant may soon have to be divided between fighters and workers.

What about air conditioning the space in which delicate gauges are to be stored? Is this more important than making bearable the hot and humid room where men are working around the clock on defense planning?

These problems must be resolved by answering this basic question — will air conditioning get the job done *faster, better, cheaper*?

The thing that counts is productivity. For productivity is America's strongest defense.



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86.8 Proof

disgrace of its mining "kraals," where Bantu workers live like prisoners, he has led the spending of £70 million by mine operators to develop a model village to house 100,000 people at the new Free State mining center near Odendaalsrust. By July he expects to start taking gold out of his first mine there, open another shortly after. Says Sir Ernest: "This is the most extensive mining development the world has ever known."

In this new venture, Sir Ernest's right-hand man is son Harry, a deputy chairman of Anglo American. Harry, who was educated at Oxford, and captained a company of Britain's "Desert Rats" against Rommel's troops in World War II, lives with his wife and two children in a smaller villa adjoining "Brenthurst," the palatial residence of his father and stepmother, outside Johannesburg. Harry likes fast cars and fast horses (he recently gave his father a prize colt, Ossian, which won Johannesburg's summer handicap the first time out). When Parliament is in session (Harry has succeeded to his father's old seat*), he drives the nearly 1,000 miles to Cape Town at breakneck speed.

Neither Sir Ernest nor his heir needs fear that the prime source of the dynasty's power will ever diminish. One of the first great Randlords, old Barney Barnato, put it tersely, many years before Flapper Lorelei Lee: "Women are born every day, and men will always buy diamonds for women."

MILESTONES

Born. To Robert J. Allen, 41, \$59-a-week Boston policeman, and Helen McLeod Allen, 31, former secretary: their third, fourth, fifth and sixth children—quadruplets; in Boston. Names: Karen Elizabeth (1 lb. 4 oz.; 7:11 a.m.); Robert Jr. (3 lbs. 3 oz.; 7:15 a.m.); Timothy (2 lbs. 3 oz.; 7:20 a.m.) and Kathleen (2 lbs. 8 oz.; 7:25 a.m.). Two days later, Karen died of prematurity. Three days later, Timothy, who was given only a 50-50 chance to live, was being fed glucose intravenously.

Married. Nancy Walker, 28, rowdy comedienne of stage (*Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!*) and screen (*Best Foot Forward*); and David Craig, 27, Tin-Pan-Alley lyricist; she for the second time; in Hoboken, N.J.

Died. William James Connors Jr., 55, publisher of the Buffalo *Courier-Express* (circ. 149,465), which he took over from his father in 1919; of a heart attack; in Buffalo.

Died. Walter Geist, 56, president since 1942 of Milwaukee's Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co. (farm tractors and harvesters, generators, road graders, sawmill and flour-mill machinery); of a heart attack; in Milwaukee. Son of Norwegian

* In the party of the late great General Smuts, opposed to fanatically anti-Negro Malan.

immigrants. Geist quit school at 15 to go to work as an Allis-Chalmers errand boy. In 1949 he ran a \$351 million business.

Died. Alfred Smart, 56, Nebraska-born president and treasurer of Esquire, Inc., publishers of *Esquire* and *Coronet*, actually second in command to his brother, Founder David A. Smart; in Chicago.

Died. James Bridie (real name: Osborne Henry Mavor), 63, Scottish physician-playwright (*Daphne Laureola*), who began in middle age writing whimsical plays as a sideline, gave up his medical practice to work full time at it, became one of Britain's leading playwrights (32 plays, ten hits); of a vascular ailment; in Edinburgh.

Died. Ralph E. Diffendorfer, 71, leader in foreign missions for 25 years (1924-49) as an executive of Methodism's energetic Board of Missions; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. E. H. Ferdinand Porsche, 75, German car designer of both flashy racers for collectors and Hitler's cheap, beetle-shaped *Volkswagen*; of a stroke; in Stuttgart.

Died. Sir Charles Blake Cochran, 78, England's leading showman ("The British Barnum"); of injuries suffered in scalding bath water, which he was too crippled by arthritis to turn off; in London. Shrewd "C.B." started out selling a quack ointment in the U.S., wound up selling Britain's top stars (Noel Coward, Beatrice Lillie, (Ertrude Lawrence) to transatlantic theatergoers. Specializing in both beauty ("Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies") and beasts (he introduced rodeo to a somewhat startled England), he promoted anything he considered a good show ("I would rather see a good juggler than a bad Hamlet").

Died. Dikran ("Papa") Kelekian, 83, Turkish-born dealer in "Persian pots and Persian paintings," early U.S. champion of Picasso and Matisse; in a jump from his 23rd floor hotel suite; in Manhattan. His "good customers" included John D. Rockefeller Jr.

Died. Joseph Palmer Knapp, 86, chief organizer, chief stockholder, and retired chief executive of Crowell-Collier Publishing Co. (*Collier's*; the *American Magazine*; *Woman's Home Companion*) and of *This Week* (circulation of the four 19,712,000), a pioneer in the evolution of color printing, son of Joseph Fairchild Knapp, founder of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.; in Manhattan.

Died. Edward Agar Horatio Nelson, fifth Earl Nelson, 90, great-great nephew of Britain's Admiral Nelson (1758-1805) and last to get the "perpetual" £5,000-a-year pension to Nelson's heirs; in London. The Socialist government unilaterally canceled Britannia's promise to the man who made her Mistress of the Seas.

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"Mama! Papa!"

Bishop on Hollywood

In Paris, New York's Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam accused Hollywood of aiding & abetting Communist propaganda by picturing Americans as "gangster-minded, oversexed and luxury mad." Said Bishop Oxnam: "Hollywood must learn that it has a responsibility to the American public as well as to the box office."

Birthday

In Rome last week, Renato Roberto Giusto Giuseppe Rossellini celebrated his first birthday. Beaming Parents Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini served up a cake with one candle. Young Rossellini weighs 25 pounds, is healthy, husky, blond-haired, has eight teeth, can stand holding to a chair and say "Mama" and "Papa."

Something for the Boys

"Please forgive this pencil, but if you could send me . . ." From Korea and U.S. training camps, letters with this sort of opening are streaming into Hollywood again, asking for pin-ups. The requests are already up 400% over the normal peacetime demand at M-G-M.

World War II's favorite pin-up girls are holding their own. Two secretaries keep busy mailing out the classic shot of Betty Grable in a tight bathing suit. Studies of Rita Hayworth, who has not made a movie since 1948's *The Loves of Carmen*, are still in demand. Also in high favor: Jane Russell, Esther Williams, Virginia Mayo.

G.I.s also have an eye for new faces, bosoms and legs belonging to actresses who mostly went through World War II

* Because she has helped Hollywood carry "the story of the American way of life to the farthest corners of the world," the Los Angeles city council last week voted its official thanks to Communist Louella O. Parsons on her 20th radio anniversary.

in bobby-sox: Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor, Janet Leigh, Jane Powell, Ruth Roman, Vera-Ellen, Debra Paget.

Most phenomenal is the special popularity of Ann Blyth, 22, who draws half her mail from Korea. Ann's fans want to see her photographed just from the neck up. Sample: "Please send us a head picture with that certain dreaminess in your eyes, just a sweet, simple picture."

The New Pictures

September Affair (Paramount), a slick product for a ready market, is just what a cynic might arrive at if he tried to imagine how Hollywood would have made Britain's 1946 *Brief Encounter*. Like the British picture, *September Affair* tells a wistfully ro-



ANN BLYTH
Dreamy.

TIME, FEBRUARY 12, 1951

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romantic story of a couple thrown together into what readers of women's-magazine fiction know as a love that can never be.

Brief Encounter set the story in a London suburb, told it plausibly and sensitively. Its plain, conscience-smitten lovers, each nearing respectably married middle age, could never enjoy their unglamorous fun as much as they suffered their pathetic frustration. *September Affair's* lovers (Joan Fontaine and Joseph Cotten) have wealth, good looks, talent and an itinerary that covers Naples, Rome, Florence and the isle of Capri. They come close to eating their cake and having it too.

The Fontaine-Cotten affair is thrust upon them by a plot gimmick, as if it were fate. Strangers on a plane that stops in Naples for repairs, they miss its departure while sightseeing. The plane crashes. Listed as dead, they are free to make a new life far from Cotten's wife (Jessica Tandy)



JOAN FONTAINE & JOSEPH COTTEN
The code catches up with them.

and son. For a while, until the past (and the Production Code) catches up with the lovers, life becomes an idyll in a palazzo. Renunciation finally comes not so much from themselves as from the prodding of other characters.

On its own lower level, *September Affair* has been turned out with as much skill as *Brief Encounter*. The plot meshes smoothly, the dialogue is suavely written and spoken, the score puts Kurt Weill's lovely *September Song* to good sentimental use, and a soft haze of glamour rises from lavish interiors and antiseptically romantic Italian vistas. The effect is as shimmeringly pretty as a soap bubble, and just as hollow.

The Enforcer (Worner) puts Humphrey Bogart on the side of the law, as an assistant district attorney, and pits him against a gang of racketeers inspired by Murder, Inc. The picture opens with a lecture by Tennessee's Estes Kefauver.

TIME, FEBRUARY 12, 1951

Thomas A. Edison
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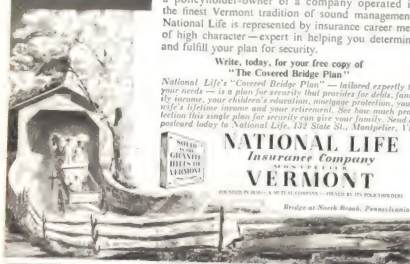


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head of the Senate's crime investigators. What follows is no social document, but a gory round of killings by ice pick, razor, butcher knife, pistol.

On the eve of the big trial, Bogart's chief witness plunges out the window to his death. The assistant D. A. pores over the record of the case to dig out a clue to another witness. The camera goes back with him, introducing one hoodlum after another. As each tells his own story, the movie backtracks again to picture it. Bogart finds his clue just in time for a wham-bam finish.

The skillful script keeps the story moving through the maze of flashbacks with-in flashbacks. Each violent episode, well milked of its own suspense, falls into a place where it counts most in building tension for the whole movie. The murder retailers do such a big business over such a short period that the picture gets a bit silly when it ought to be chilling. But it never gets dull. The thugs (notably Ted de Corsia, Zoro Mostel, Everett Sloane) are well cast and played. Even Tough Guy Bogart, in a role happily without romantic attachments, seems shocked by the lethal goings-on.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Mudlark. Hollywood's tribute to a mourning Queen Victoria (Irene Dunne) is brightened by the cockney ragamuffin (Andrew Ray) who coaxes her back to her public duties (TIME, Jan. 1).

Seven Days to Noon. London, playing itself, gives an exciting performance as a city threatened by a man on the loose with an atomic bomb (TIME, Dec. 25).

Born Yesterday. As the dumb blonde who rises up after a little coaching, Judy Holliday steals the movie version of Garson Kanin's Broadway hit comedy (TIME, Dec. 24).

Cyrano de Bergerac. José Ferrer's virtuoso acting sparks a conscientious adaptation of the Rostand classic (TIME, Nov. 20).

Mad Wednesday. Harold Lloyd returns in a spotty but frequently riotous comedy written and directed by Preston Sturges (TIME, Nov. 20).

King Solomon's Mines. The plot (with Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger) is easy to see through, but the Technicolor shots of African animals and vistas are well worth looking at (TIME, Nov. 20).

Trio. Another trim package of Somerset Maugham short stories, fragile but handled with care by the British producers of *Quartet* (TIME, Oct. 30).

All About Eve. Scripter-Director Joseph L. Mankiewicz's tart treatise on how to win fame and lose friends on Broadway; with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, George Sanders (TIME, Oct. 16).

The Great Man Hunt. (First released under the title, *State Secret*.) Chills and chuckles in a British chase-melodrama set behind the Iron Curtain; with Douglas Fairbanks Jr. (TIME, Oct. 9).

The Happiest Days of Your Life. A hilarious chase-stealing duel between Britain's Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford (TIME, Oct. 9).



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"Contribution to Poetry"

When Yale awarded the annual Bollingen Prize* in poetry (and \$1,000) to John Crowe Ransom, no one was more surprised than John Crowe Ransom. Said that self-effacing poet, teacher and critic: "There is nothing recent of mine for the committee to have considered."

The Bollingen committee knew all that. Tennessee-born John Ransom, professor of poetry at Ohio's Kenyon College and editor of the *Kenyon Review*, has published no verse since his *Selected Poems* in 1945. The award, said Conrad Aiken, committee chairman, was based on Ransom's "contribution to American poetry."

It is a contribution that few Americans know about—whether from lack of inter-

*Practice your beauty, blue girls, before
it fail . . .
For I could tell you a story which is
true:*

*I know a lady with a terrible tongue,
Blue eyes fallen from blue,
All her perfections tarnished—and yet
it is not long
Since she was lovelier than any of you.*

Poet Ransom does become more allusive and complex than that, but he belongs, in general, with those modern American poets who seem to be more interested in talking to other people (though sometimes only to other poets) than in talking to themselves. Moreover, 62-year-old John Ransom has cast an increasingly larger shadow over three decades of U.S. writing history. The "ferment of his ideas in the heads of his old pupils" (a phrase Ransom applies to Aristotle) has had acknowledged results. Some of his ex-pupils: Robert Penn Warren, Robert Lowell, Randall Jarrell, Allen Tate.

Poet Ransom keeps his own ideas in ferment, too; he is seldom satisfied with what he writes. He thinks he will publish some more verse some day—"But it will not be exactly more of the same."

Never Gallop Alone

ROBERT BURNS (376 pp.)—David Daiches—Rinehart (\$3.50).

Robert Burns "first committed the sin of rhyme," as he put it himself, at 15:

*O once I lov'd a bonny lass
Ay and I love her still
And whilst that virtue swarms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell . . .*

It was a minor offense, for 15. Posterity was shortly to commit a greater one in typing Robert Burns's career as a rake's progress. An early prohibitionist named Currie gave the legend a head start 150 years ago; in a biography written shortly after Burns's death, he portrayed him as a kind of Paul Bunyan of literary bad boys: a convivial roisterer of unslakable thirst and insatiable lust.

Like most legends, Burns's is fact-resistant, but responsible scholars try to retouch it occasionally. Cornell University's David Daiches (rhymes with gracious) is the latest to try, and does one of the best jobs. Critic Daiches (*Virginia Woolf*, *Robert Louis Stevenson*) scans the poet's lines more closely than his life. Even so, he manages to clear away enough romantic rubble to expose a Burns who could say: "Even in the hour of social mirth, my gaiety is the madness of an intoxicated criminal under the hands of the executioner." Burns came by his melancholy early and honestly.

He was born in 1759, in an Ayrshire clay cottage built by his tenant-farming father. Within a week, the roof blew in on little Rab (no one ever called him "Bob-bie"). He was too young to interpret the omen, but father Burns had a flair for

failure. At nine, Rab was taken out of the little parish school and put to work on the farm. When he died at 37, it was the rheumatic heart acquired in youth, not drink, that killed him. He once described his life as "an uphill gallop from the cradle to the grave."

He rarely galloped alone. It was Nelly Kilpatrick, he later recalled, who initiated him "in a certain delicious Passion, which, in spite of acid Disappointment, gin-house Prudence and bookworm Philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest pleasure here below." After Nelly came Peggy Thomson, Alison Begbie, and Elizabeth Paton, who bore him his first illegitimate child. There were to be others.

When Jean Armour became pregnant in 1786, Burns was ready for marriage, but her solid, respectable father would not consider him as a son-in-law even "to make an honest woman" of Jean. (They



Mal Clawson

JOHN CROWE RANSOM
Below the tree line, a shadow,

est or pure defensive caution. Following a modern poet up a mental slope carries real danger of getting hopelessly lost above the tree line of meaning. Lucid, logical John Ransom is not that kind of poet. Much of his poetry is as transparent as a weather report. As skillful in craft as he is slender in output, he can write movingly and hauntingly about the death of a small child, as in *Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter*:

*There was such speed in her little body,
And such lightness in her footfall,
It is no wonder that her brown study
Astonishes us all.*

Or worldly-wisely of the way beauty passes, as in *Blue Girls*:

* The awards have been made by Yale since 1950. The previous administrators—the Library of Congress—awarded themselves a headache with the controversial 1948 prize to Ezra Pound (*TIME*, Feb. 28, 1949).



Culver

ROBERT BURNS

Here below, a delicious passion.

married eventually, in 1788.) Proud and sensitive, Burns was bitterly hurt by the rebuff, sought comfort in the arms of Mary ("Highland Mary") Campbell. He made plans to leave for Jamaica, but first he wanted to publish some of his poems as a valedictory to Scotland.

One of the warmest and liveliest of them had been written with Jean Armour and her unborn baby in mind (the baby turned out to be twins):

*O wha my babie-clouts will bny?
O wha will tent me when I cry?
W'ha will kiss me where I lie?
The rantin dog, the daddie o'.*

*O wha will own he did the faut?
O wha will buy the groamin mant?
O wha will tell me how to ca'th
The rantin dog, the daddie o'.*

* Ale for the nurse.

† Name it.



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When I mount the creepie-choir,⁸
Who will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

Who will crack to me my hame?⁹
Who will make me fiddin' fun?¹⁰
Who will kiss me o'er agin?
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

His first book was published in the summer of 1786 and was an immediate success. "Rab the rhymor" became "Caledonia's bard" and gave up his trip to Jamaica. The Edinburgh literati lionized him



JEAN ARMOUR BURNS
Despite father, an honest woman.

as the "Heaven-taught plowman." Critic Daiches thinks that Burns shrewdly anticipated the role, knew more about Scottish and English literary traditions than he ever let on.

As a poet, Burns never aspired to, or achieved, profundity. He spoke unashamedly from and to the heart. Someone once said that he celebrated "humanity caught in the act." At the center of the humanity he caught was Robert Burns himself.

No Transfusion

THE WHOLE ARMOR (324 pp.)—Faith Baldwin—Rinehart (\$3).

When a writer with the nationwide, 30-year following of Faith Baldwin announces that her new novel has her "life's blood" in it (TIME, Jan. 29), the news calls for a certain amount of pricking up of ears. With the publication of *The Whole Armor*, ears can be at ease. Like the 60-odd Baldwin novels that have preceded it, this earnest story of a young Manhattan minister's search for maturity has a pretty thin hemoglobin content.

- * Repentance.
- † Talk to me in my loneliness.
- ** Exuberant and excited.

TIME, FEBRUARY 12, 1951

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Hero Paul Lennox is strong on good works and good looks. A dynamic young fellow, he is modern enough to insist that a gymnasium and round-table marriage counseling are necessary supplements to his central message of God's grace. Yet Paul is beset by a corroding sense of failure. He feuds with an important parishioner, can't wholeheartedly accept the girl he loves, fails miserably as an example to his heavy-drinking young half brother. It takes most of the book and a crippling attack of polio to make Paul understand his failure in life: he has everything a minister needs but humility; his faith has been not in God but in himself.

Author Baldwin has tackled a compelling theme, but the bestselling writing habits of a lifetime will not down. In a few final, banal pages, Paul becomes a mature man, a whole minister, and gets his girl besides (Alcoholics Anonymous has straightened out his dipso brother). In a foreword, Author Baldwin hopes that at least "one reader" will experience "pleasure in reading Paul's story." On the record (some 10,000,000 sales of her novels in all editions), she can't miss.

Elsewhere & Otherwise

TALES OF THE UNCANNY AND SUPERNATURAL (426 pp.)—Algernon Blackwood—British Book Centre [\$3].

It was just about closing time when the corpse walked into the photographic studio of Mr. Mortimer Jenkyn. "Without speaking, he moved straight across the room and posed himself in front of the dingy back-ground of painted trees . . . seated himself in the faded armchair, crossed his legs, drew up the little round table with the artificial roses upon it . . . and struck an attitude. He meant to be photographed."

When a corpse comes calling, it is perhaps wisest to do just as Mr. Jenkyn did in one of these *Tales of the Uncanny and Supernatural* by Algernon Blackwood—he made the old boy right at home. U.S. readers might profitably do as much for the author of the stories. Algernon Blackwood doesn't write much these days, but 30 years ago he was one of fiction's most famous commuters to the Great Beyond.

The 22 tales in this volume, culled from his nine books of short stories, give readers their first new chance in more than a decade to take a full evening of that old Blackwood magic. In general, it still works. In fact, the *Tales* may win for his old age (he is now 81) a literary reputation he never enjoyed at the height of his fame. They show him to be one of the most original writers in the line that descends from Edgar Poe to the authors of *Mandrake the Magician*, and in which he has few peers (some of them: M. R. James, Henry James, Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, W. W. Jacobs).

Space Is a Weapon. Anybody looking for a strong sense of human reality will not find it in Blackwood. In *The Man Whom the Trees Loved*, for instance, he mauls through a 70-page vagary in which a man is slowly taken over into the

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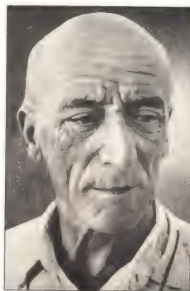
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vegetable kingdom. Blackwood provides no human motives whatever for this slow mutation. However, he provides such sinister vegetable ones that a nervous reader may take to watching his peas and cucumbers in quite a new way. In *The Terror of the Turins*, space is somehow seized as a weapon in the invisible hands of a spirit, and used to gouge the soul out of one man and prod it into another; the characters are dim as ghosts, but the malefic air is almost as palpable as a knife in the ribs.

In his eagerness to read everything, from the hearts of celery to the mind of God, as well as in the gingerbread elaborations of his style, Author Blackwood is more a Victorian than a modern. Yet, far more than most Victorians, Blackwood has a fervor for the inhuman, subhuman, or superhuman, and a distaste for the world of men. The story in which Blackwood expresses his keenest distaste for



ALGERNON BLACKWOOD
Peas and cucumbers with gingerbread.

actual life is perhaps his most carefully composed one, *The Lost Valley*, Twin brothers, who have lived only for each other for 35 years, find themselves in love with the same woman, resolve on suicide as the only way out. One of his eeriest tales, *The Wendigo* (a notable omission in this collection), creates an atmosphere in which it is difficult not to believe in a grisly, devouring spirit that haunts the frozen wilderness of the Canadian north woods.

It is hard, at the end of the book, not to feel that Author Blackwood is a man who could express his sense of life only indirectly, by writing horror stories about it.

Life Is Terrible. For a man who seems to have found life usually unpleasant and often terrible, Algernon Blackwood has lived quite a lot of it. He was born into the British upper classes, the son of the Duchess of Manchester and her second husband, a gentleman usher to Queen Victoria. Algernon was such a dreamy boy



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that the family could do nothing with him. At 17, he was spending his nights reading yoga, theosophy and spiritualism, was soon a convinced Buddhist.

At 20, after a turn at Edinburgh University, he was shipped off to Canada. There he tried successively the insurance, newspaper, dairy and hotel businesses, and wound up in New York flat broke. For a while he was on the bum on the lower East Side, once had his clothes stolen by a pal who pawned them for a drink. Sometimes he made a little money as an artists' model (posing for Charles Dana Gibson among others). During a rare run of luck, he served as a millionaire's private secretary.

In 1899, Blackwood got back to England and into the dried-milk business. Soon after, he wrote the first of his stories, with no clear intention except, perhaps, to express what he once called the "terrific draw" toward the "elsewhere and otherwise." Few writers have expressed a single feeling more strongly, or written such fresh, bitter, out-of-the-way pages in the doing of it.

RECENT & READABLE

The Pencil of God, by Pierre Marcelin and Philippe Thoby-Marcelin. The decline & fall of a Haitian businessman who only serious weakness was women (TIME, Feb. 5).

The Far Side of Paradise, by Arthur Mizener. The life, times and half-fulfilled promise of F. Scott Fitzgerald (TIME, Jan. 29).

Rommel, the Desert Fox, by Desmond Young. A brisk, well-written biography by a British brigadier who obviously admires his subject (TIME, Jan. 22).

The Disappearance, by Philip Wylie. A novelist's idea of what the world might be like if men & women suddenly became invisible to each other, and why it would serve them right (TIME, Jan. 15).

The Young May Moon, by P. H. Newby. Adolescent sorrow in a quietly effective novel by a talented Englishman (TIME, Jan. 15).

Under Two Dictators, by Margarete Buber. The impressive testament of an ex-Communist who survived the concentration camps of both NKVD and Gestapo (TIME, Jan. 15).

Disturber of the Peace, by William Manchester. A briskly inadequate biography of H. L. Mencken; best when it lets Mencken himself do the talking (TIME, Jan. 8).

Concluding, by Henry Green. Goings-on at a girls' school in England; examined with grace and wit by one of England's good novelists (TIME, Jan. 1).

Family Reunion, by Ogden Nash. A choice helping from Nash's whole output of shrewd, zany verse on the domestic trials and joys of white-collar citizens (TIME, Jan. 1).

The Thirteen Clocks, by James Thurber. A thoroughly satisfying fairy tale in which the prince and the princess outmaneuver the wicked Duke to an accompaniment of gleeps, glups, guggles and, possibly, inner meanings (TIME, Dec. 25).

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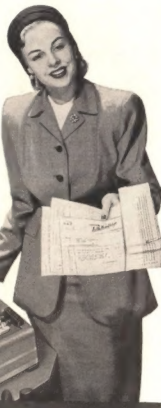
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MISCELLANY

Diversion. In St. Louis, Imaldo R. Simone explained why he had put in two false fire alarms, each bringing four engine companies to the scene: he was "overworked and feeling tired."

Honor System. In Houston, trusting officials of the First National Bank installed unguarded bowls of change marked "Help Yourself Tellers," for people who need coins for parking, soft-drink machines, telephones, reported at the end of a week only 2¢ missing.

Too Much, Too Soon. In Novato, Calif., an official announced that use of water would have to be restricted again next summer, because heavy rains had interrupted work on the city's new reservoir.

Don't Move. In Rangoon, Burma, Fisherman Gung Shai, after being stranded for 15 months on a desert isle in the Indian Ocean, reported that when a boat finally came to his rescue, its crew bemoaned the state of the world, advised him to stay stranded.

Supply & Demand. In Neustift, Austria, Fritz Rambusck, hired to blow the bugle which summons firemen, explained why he had set fire to several buildings: "I liked to blow [the bugle], and didn't have much opportunity otherwise."

Party Manners. In Chicago, Kenneth Harris told police why he realized, as soon as he walked into his father's store, that the place was being held up, although no guns were in sight: he knew there must be something wrong, because his father was so polite.

On the Hoof. In El Paso, Deputy Customs Collector Herman F. Cherry revealed that a surprise inspection at the Juarez bridge turned up: 1) 32 lbs. of meat inside a spare tire; 2) an 8-lb. beef roast in a woman's purse; 3) a huge, raw, unwrapped round steak being worn as a giraffe.

Heavy Take. In Seattle, the Sealth Souvenir Shop reported the theft of its 7-ft., 200-lb. wooden Indian. In Rio de Janeiro, a university student made off with a municipal street car.

Couped Up. In Cleveland, a judge granted Bobbie Lee Robinson, 16, a divorce, after she complained that the only home her husband provided for her was his automobile.

In a Word. In Telephone, Texas, the Southwestern Bell Telephone Co. announced that it would soon get around to installing the town's first telephone service. In Great Falls, Mont., Mrs. Frank H. Human won a divorce after testifying that her husband treated her in an "inhuman manner."

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